

Times Shadow
Times Shadow - Volume I
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Times Shadow

Prologue – The Machines

The machines were clear in their destructive nature, having spent all of a century, past and present, attempting to cure humanity of the Flood, the very same virus that had caused the world to stand still and never recover; with the advent of the end of human existence fast approaching. As the photons seeped into the dusty old street, solitary rays that had been deflected from their journey towards the ground danced in excitement and then darkness fell silently as the street, which once had been more than a mile long simply disappeared one metre at a time, being replaced with the ships bridge-room over and over again as one meter cubed iterations of the same area one street at a time. The planet was being erased from existence as-though space was literally being written upon. The space and time above the iterations of the ships bridge-room all reflected the same slow movement and texture of a school of *Ær*. Amidst the rising nationalism and strikes or rioting within various states from Europe to America, Biomechanical armour plated suits which housed an international contingent of Marines lined either end of the street showcasing the international will to create freedom and liberality throughout the world. Five soldiers in particular stood shooting

Times Shadow

without discrimination, whilst analysing the situation ahead of them. They were firing without prejudice as an emergency that threatened all life in the known and unknown universe culminated in the final minutes of life as they knew it.

From her position on the ground, one of the soldiers stood protecting a downed officer; her attention was diverted for a second as she could see the Prime Minister of Great Britain within the United Nations declaring a planet wide state of emergency through an ultra high definition television in the sales room across the road. Distracted by the clarity of the picture, she attempted to work out the words, knowing that there was only a limited amount of time left but there were too many of the creatures overrunning the street. "Units one through five, fall back! Repeat, fall back!" came the call from the commanding officer as she began to realise that this might be a battlefield that none of them would come back from. It was hard for them to think about where they had just come from, the vastness of space-time steadily becoming a distant memory. Twelve minutes prior to their appearance on the ground they had been on a training exercise at the military encampment at Sinus Meridiani on Mars.

The two of them darted through the streets of Istanbul, their shadows dancing within the harsh sunlight, though they were far from alone, they were surrounded and trapped. No one person or organisation, not even the government in New Zealand knew what was

Times Shadow

happening to the planet and the fact that they had instituted a widespread state of emergency was clear. As the Biomechanical Marines ran through the streets ignoring the contingent of destroyed tanks and masses of people, more and more of them appeared out of thin air, despite a lack of visible transportation in plain view of them; buildings came careering down as they crumbled or evaporated into a billion pieces due to the amplified laser technology that appeared overnight as a result of research into sub atomic particles and the forces that were used to accelerate the weaponry. There would only be a matter of units time before causality caught up with them and they became like everyone else around them; trapped in the place between normal spatial awareness and the border between temporal zones. They had to get him back to Haven in Istanbul or face erasure from history as the contagion could not be isolated by doctors or machines alike and the human race was facing extinction, crippled as a result of the forced synaptic bond with the aliens.

The truth is, they had reached a point in space where they were outside of phase exactly by 180 degrees making them look as though they were apparitions, meaning that in a few more units time, they would then find themselves somewhere in space and time outside of Earth as they knew it. The truth is nothing would ever be the same due to the limited evolution of mankind as a result of their desperate bid to breach the multi-verse

Times Shadow

and Space-Time itself as a branch of astrophysical reality through the failed attempts to create an Einstein-Podolsky-Rosen-Bridge. Namely this advancement would one day come in the form of what once would have been classed as an operating system. The name attributed to the sub-operating system, a weapons system for a spaceship, the Geodesic, which was fast becoming the only contingency plan for evacuation of Earths population, was Imperator.

Times Shadow

Chapter 1 – The Flood of 2119

Time and again the human beings of this desolate and unforgiving planet known as Earth continued without even so much as a question of their own self-importance. Affected by nothing but erosion eventually as a result of planetary assaults in search of rare minerals and crystals for Earth as their only mandate was once to cure the human race of any outbreaks and terminal infestations prior to the advent of a network of intergalactic superclusters of transitional light speed superhighways. This was an unswerving and constant miscalculation. The Temporal Virus, referred to as the Flood affected the genome of any host to revert them to a previous point in the evolution of humanity, in order to pass on the virus as future hosts. The virus was carried through the air by an incorporeal alien cloud known as the Ær. It was the perfect killing instrument and for those who didn't succumb to the Flood Virus, at first, the planets population of mammalian aquaculture, flora and fauna became transformed in a landscape of the synthesis with the Ær, with the human genome at its core. That is to say, the Ær had become all

Times Shadow

powerful to the point where human civilisation had ground to a halt.

As a result of the mismanaged project leaders construction of the Temporal Ordinance and Navigations Computer, named Epicentre due to the location of the birth of the universe at the very epicentre, though not perfectly uniform, centre of the universe; who sat drinking coffee and eating pizza at a desk. The lack of a self-awareness within the machines led them to transform large parts of the planet into treatment centres and the rest were cryogenic centre's as per the instructions of the Commander and Chief of the United Nations. The year 2119 A.D stringed intelligent machines and their immense and unrestricted devotion to continuous improvement and diagnostics along with a desperate thirst for Scientific knowledge beyond the present age, which had left them in a state of advanced superiority.

"You might never have been born!" she began suddenly, screaming angrily at last at her reflection in the helmet to no avail.

"Never mess with Time, your not stupid.." her voice finally echoed for a period of time, emanating throughout her entire suit and then the repetition stopped. There was a moment when the twisting, curling, churning edge of the black hole that powered the computations and navigation of time and space briefly paused.

She knew she was alone; along this distant and dire rock, in which she

Times Shadow

had to now call home for now. The same asteroid that had destroyed, and would destroy and still could destroy the one place she had actually called home; Sector 15 was now both existing and not existing in phase with the only thing she knew to be real. Abigail was no longer a part of the Universe but had now accepted her fate as a part of the Multiverse.

Times Shadow

Chapter 2 - Abigail

She had undertaken a one way journey and thus the culmination of a random series of events led her to this point in time and space. "Computer.." her voice trailed off as she began to realise that with every impact and every implosion that was caused through her version of the Geodesic Global, a new branch of the Temporal Universe was being left as part of the stream of time, ripping holes upon holes like tessellated images of itself in time. She was seeing her previous iterations of herself in the past and in the future but couldn't tell how far forward she was looking. She was now officially stranded, trapped within a self-contained and somewhat uncaring suit with Imperator. It would be approximately two minutes until the the ship completed its fall in the sway of gravity towards a scorched desolate Earth. The leaves blew quietly within the confines of the old airfield, as though drawing in the atmosphere solely to quell the stillness of the ground and the partially green grass. The fact that there were still trees, plants and grass on this rare plot of man-made ground was an

Times Shadow

oddity that seemed to call to the wilderness but no sound returned. Had there been inhabitants to witness the geodesic arc of the space ship making its return journey to the planets ground at speed there would have been widespread panic and contemplative iteration of the fact that this kind of behaviour would not be tolerated by Rouge States of whom the blame would likely have been placed in silence. Scrambled fighter jets would equally likely have been called to ascertain the nature of the incursion over domestic airspace.

As the half destroyed, damaged hull of the ship fell from the sky, there would be no background chatter on mixed vocal radio frequencies from military or civilian personnel as to the character of what could have been aliens or humans from a distant world colonised long ago. But the truth was, humanity, as with the machines of their former glory and the alien species that had significantly altered the terrain and nature of political and natural history, geology and physiology of the planet had long since died out making way for the future. The planets surface was officially barren despite all the signs of civilisation long since conquered. But where had they gone?

Suddenly and without warning she found herself sitting, vexed and slightly angry at the thought as she allowed the feeling to cross her face; a

Times Shadow

remote series of impulses flowed through her veins starting the chain reaction which forced her to throw her pint of orange liquid over the complete stranger involuntarily.

“What the..” began the woman wearing the fur jacket as she fell slowly into the buffet table due to the shock of the cold fizzing liquid running down her back. Somehow, Abigail had forgotten the role of the Ær in allowing her to trigger Temporal Flashpoints, she couldn't understand the reason why she had been angry and neither could she remember the reason why she had thrown a pint of water over a complete stranger. The Temporal Flashpoints, which could be anything, from a parent gently playing with their child through to childbirth and further still, a memory of a first driving lesson or a first flight or even the first presidential campaign or equally a child's saved physical memory and experience of being twirled around in the air, were usually of other peoples lives throughout history. According to the laws of time, poverty in direct relativity to the nature of the economic stock market or the price of the housing market no longer mattered.

Like grains of sand, gently floating on a sea the shape of the rings on a piece of mahogany the size of a small table. the nano technology that allowed the supra-sentient Ær along with Abigail as a passenger on a journey through the multiverse was the only route to saving the world from its present situation. The inhabitants of which were all

Times Shadow

missing. Streets and roads, football stadiums and cafes, art galleries and hotel rooms all lay empty or rather dormant as though waiting for a momentous rise in the cacophonous, clattering and riotous clamber of chefs cooking in street kitchens, to and froing, or football players running and jumping, kicking at the heels of their opponents. But that was not to be on the eve of the most amazing invention of humanity. She could physically see them when she played the Flashpoint memories back on the black box that held C.A.B.L.E or Computer Automated Biological Life Exchange.

Cable was a superfast computer with extraordinary processing power; capable of cooking breakfast, organising all the medical bays globally and all the automated systems that organised, arranged and attended to patients both before, during and after all manner of surgical and medical situations and scenarios with regards to surgery on a daily basis throughout planet Earth's military systems and outlying planets and colonies within a series of galactic clusters that all centred on Earth in the Arc Universe. It was a medical factory, versed in physical and psychological trauma associated with illness and so much more. The fact that the actual programming code for Cable resided on a chip the size of a credit card was a marvel of modern engineering.

They, the Ær, had created the technology that drove the Geodesic and all its associated vehicles and sub-systems, the only thing that

Times Shadow

was left to be done in this version of the multiverses Earth was creation of the operating system that controlled the conversation between the militaries offering to Humanities first venture into multiversal space at the end of time. That is to say, the ship scheduled to travel towards a new dawn in human history would literally allow the crew and all its inhabitants to physically travel through time and space along with altering the face of multiple dimensions.

"I.. I.. I can pay for any dry cleaning or uhm.."
Abigail heard her own voice which sounded distant and closed off, almost sheepishly guarded by the sound of her own words flowing from her mouth as she looked at the jacket and then realised that the damage to the timeline might be a little further reaching than any of the Joint Chiefs of the Ministry of Defence might have calculated; she was after all here for a reason and any thoughts she might have had that pertained to receiving current or future technology had to be kept hidden from everyone in this dimension. It would be three weeks until the window back to her original Earth, in what was currently being referred to as the Arc Universe, would reopen.

Times Shadow

Chapter 3 – Of Machines and War Dogs

“Who are you staring at madam?” she screeched at the lady in an ireful tone. She could see the damage caused but was more than angered with regards to the nature of reception; after all, Abigail had happened to stumble in a confused daze as a result of the Flashpoints resonant radial frequency; that is to say, after having travelled for all intents and purposes throughout the multiverse, she had walked towards a wake in the public house by the sleepy sea side village; despite causing a scene she was preparing to simply leave. “Under Section 43.1 of the Code of the Bar of Light, I could literally have you cleansed and sent to work as a Mechanic. All the training in the world would never let you rise to a level of Ascension of the Lord.” she began in the usual conversant drawl they all seemed to have in this dimension. The strange woman was referring to the government of this worlds policing infrastructure who controlled and had the power to erase a persons mind, whilst also instituting enforced labour within a field of the victims choosing. The human race on this Earth had not yet completed their version

Times Shadow

of the Geodesic and they absolutely could not find out about the whereabouts of the remnants of her own Temporal Navigation Unit.

After analysing the words, which were slow to form, eventually the computer came to the conclusion that the conversation between the two of them was far from a long and inconceivable hypothetical or theoretical dimensional anomaly.

“Since the ether was supposed to be at rest, such motion, which was indistinguishable from absolute motion to the ether..” her photonic sheen reflected the light almost perfectly causing her face to seem more real than not.

“.. which should have been different at different points of its orbit, and measurable phenomena should have resulted from this difference.” another confused voice began. “Agreed the council must be notified. Yet no measurable confirmation seems to return to his auditory sensors as he stood looking at the way of the school of Ær?” an officer finally replied after some calculation. His outfit was made of the type of metal that only a holographic representation could showcase through the lens of a machine.

“Affirmative; her dancing this way and that, in between the space inbetween space. She has the height of technical superiority within a human body and throws herself about as though she were a ruler rather than Commander of the Red Guardians” another

Times Shadow

computer attempted to chirp in a robotic tone as the officer prepared to arrest Abigail. She tried to rationalise the thought within her own mind, after all, he couldn't find Cable, but the equations housed within his head, the same equations that on her earth had led to the foundation of a new type of energy within the universe entangled within an ether, would lead to the Floods discovery within that ether, the bacteria that could not be decontaminated.

Flood was the name given due to the notion of motion relative to the Flashpoint technology which utilised the energy pouring into the universe through the ether. The two parted company almost instantly as though they had never met on two equally distant journeys in two desperately lonely directions at first but as time reversed they began again within the bridge room. This of course was a result of the Flashpoints being used, which was having catastrophic effects on the multiverse and the rest of the known and unknown universe.

Chapter 4 – Imperator - 42, 901 A.D
The Captain of the Earth Marine Ship Liberation, formerly known as the Geodesic Global stood ahead of her calculated time zone, through the portal to Earth in the Arc Universe. Reports of a Temporal infestation of the likes none of them had witnessed before were becoming more and more frequent from the Marines on Sinus Meridiani. More to the point, as a result of causality, there were

Times Shadow

soldiers who were disappearing and reappearing as though they had phased out of the current time frame and then returned unaltered. Something was going on in the past and she had been sent to investigate. There was a focusing issue that was holding up the computer update due to the errors that had been created with regards to Imperator and his Standby Circuit Matrix Programming and construction in space aboard the Geodesic. As The Geodesic Global happened to be stationed approximately half way between Earth and her Martian base of Operations on Sinus Meridiani, the implosion of branches of space and time meant she somehow had lost her bearings without any guidance or telemetry systems; the ship was officially lost, with the signal that had been repeating throughout history equally lost. All hope was far from gone though as humanity had arrived once and for all on that distant planet and they were preparing to colonize through the efforts of the EMC ship, with its cargo, the Martian Ær aboard in the form of humanity, for now.

“Good morning sir, how are you today?” Imperator began, a series of computations which ticked to completion meaning they would ultimately lead to the destruction of the world, humanity and the universe; a path no other could define, it was destiny through causality for he was becoming sentient. The time had come. The foolhardy crew were at the point the Multiverse and the Universe, the past and the future joined. There would be

Times Shadow

no going back as each of them prepared their bulky suits forged to the exact measurements and proportions they had been assessed and analysed for. Time was running curiously short as they prepared to define the war for Time on a level that could not be compared to any before it.

He walked casually towards the airlock, unawares as always of the watchful eyes of the robot at the beginning and the end of all things. Like a clock ticking, in silence, the machine began marching its electronic hum throughout the entirety of the Geodesic Global. Memories of the Lords' past and present were engrained like the sands of a bygone aeon in his electronic mind, known as the Positron Village for it was where the main thrust of the calculations controlled by Imperator were organised and collated. He had become furious with his creators for never having had the opportunity or the ability to fight on their behalf and knowing that Hugh Lord's last words would be the final descent of a human being towards the beginnings of what amounted to the attempt of the computer to control the fate of the Universe, he now was engrossed with and ensnared by the same thought.

"You could never have been born! Dr Einstein is a physicist and not an astronomer. As he himself says, the crucial test was supplied by the last total eclipse." Imperator paused for a moment and then continued as though the words read from a memory bank had not been uttered aloud. "Observation proved that

Times Shadow

rays of fixed stars having to pass close to the sun to reach the Earth, were deflected the exact amount demanded by his formulas. The deflection was also in the direction predicted by him." he continued alone which was making his erratic speech sound even more crazy in isolation.

"He developed his theory as a mathematical formula. The confirmation of it came from astronomers. Core functions nominal, temporal index unknown, location of C.A.B.L.E. Unit Unknown..." his voice echoed, trailing off for a period of time and then the repetition stopped.

He knew He was alone again and the Flashpoint memory visualisations were becoming more and more frequent as the quantum implosion grew closer and closer still; the only thing Imperator knew to be real, the Absolute Time she had been trained to count based on the stellar landscape and items emitted from the accretion disc of the black hole that powered the vast majority of its technology. He now knew he was no longer a part of the Universe but had now accepted her fate, which was fast becoming his destiny manifested in the form of knowledge acquisition.

"Imperator." his voice trailed off as she began to realise that with every impact and every implosion that was caused through her version of the Geodesic Global, a new branch of the Temporal Universe was being left open as part of the stream of time, referred to as the Temporal Stream. This in turn was

Times Shadow

causing widespread rippling holes upon holes like tessellated images of itself in time within space and time throughout the Multiverse, corrupting Imperators' circuitry.

Chapter 5 – The Temporal War

Before the war, Abigail Lord had immense fame among all who were interested in the philosophy of science because of her principles of relativity. She had equally shown that gravity affected light is electro- magnetic, and had reduced the whole theory of electro-magnetism to a small number of fundamental functions and equations. In an age of time travel, dawn seemed like a fitting point to begin the war. She was seeing previous iterations of herself and her entire family line prior to her birth in the past and in the future, but couldn't tell how far forward or backwards she was looking. She was now officially stranded, trapped within a self- contained and somewhat uncaring suit with what was once a static Imperator. The machines were beginning to gain self-awareness and as a result she knew that she had to act fast to get out of the prison she was being held in otherwise the flashpoint would resume and leave her transformed as with the Earth of bygone days.

Times Shadow

“..It's been so long..” the voice finally began from within the shadows. “Time is a remarkable journey, transitioning from moment to moment” he noted almost imperceptibly at first then he asked a curious question. “How do you travel through time? What kind of technology is this?” He'd been happy in what felt like a day dream but all that was about to end in a cold and sudden jolt back to existence in a corporeal body. Light, like time increases in intensity as a result of the source of emissions; with its effect having a level of constancy unless acted upon by an unforeseen force such as gravitation. The Ær of relativity, time and space succeeded in accounting for that fact. But it was incidentally necessary to overthrow the one universal time, Absolute Time. Relative to the ether they had failed as one to close the rift, to find the joint chiefs of staff or the captains aboard her ship referred to as F7-9A Geodesic Ær or Geodesic for short in this universe as somehow she had slipped into an alternate dimension yet again finding herself feeling dizzy. As she awoke from the cryostatic chamber, she knew that she was infected with the Flood but couldn't tell why, like the rest of humanity, she wasn't affected. The captains, for they both formally held the rank of captain, Hugh Lord and Abigail Lord had both reached a point where they moved so fast that they appeared to be standing still when they were constantly moving throughout the universe eternally in perpetual motion with their very core beings radiated

Times Shadow

throughout the entire multiverse like a projection of themselves as demi-gods. Their images throughout each and every iteration pronounced of Planet Earth allowed them more time to control the Temporal Stream such that it was stable enough aboard the ship to traverse multiple universes in a mere instant. This was known as phasing. Time stood violently still as the Ær rippled suddenly in the flaking dusty old bridge-room, as solitary and unconnected rays of photons in one universe out of billions and billions upon trillions of iterations struck the air as the Ær watched their gaseous cloud emerge, seeping in throughout the entirety of the universe. One of them in particular stood tinkering with what would become a phone. His invention was undoubtedly his obsession, filled with copper wiring amongst other metals. Dr Bell stood tinkering with what would become a translation device in the shape of a phone for he knew that there was no way that the humans, still lacking emotional and social development, would understand his speech at the rate with which he allowed it to encompass his thoughts amidst the masses of electromagnetic radiation which was reaching a dangerously high level.

Times Shadow

Chapter 6 – Hugh Lords arrival

“I was alone.. so very alone!” she exclaimed as she stood in what had once been the empty street. Where there had been nothing, no people, no buildings, cars or street lights there had been only the sound of machines moving, alighting transports or moving in unison towards the light. “There were people there, and children” she continued after a few minutes. “At first I thought I was going to die, then I realised they didn’t mean me any harm. It was as if they knew that something greater, a danger or harm was on its way to Earth, but not a single one of them spoke to me. I was free to roam the place but no one would speak to me!” she continued allowing the tears to run down her face. She had aged by approximately ten years and the grey streak in her hair was a telling sign, it looked fashionable almost. The silence engulfed the room with all its modern comforts from yesteryear which included DVD’s and books to the paraphernalia of a

Times Shadow

modern living-room and the trappings of consumerism.

What Abigail was describing was her first encounter, she barely escaped from what she knew and understood to be an alien race, though there was no way to describe what happened in her mind's eye. The aliens in question where the Ær and the reason they weren't paying her any attention is because there was something of concern to them amidst the crumbling ruins of a planet that didn't exist amidst all the dust and ice of the polar icecaps of Mars' northernmost peak. She had faced the dangers of a world in which others would try to take over her mentality, her very mind was a battlefield and every single one of them, whilst not physically communicating were trying to warn her of the danger. Though the problem came in when the difference between their language came to play as the corporeal machines of yesteryear prepared to phase out towards a war for time and energy, for life itself. Nobody knew that the game that she had played as a child was not a game but rather a part of a larger scheme of communication that had landed in her orphanage on Christmas day as a means to allowing destiny to take hold of its intended, the chosen eight. The one name, the name above all others in this world filled with machines was the only name they could never mention as a result of the fact that as a machine, it could take a hold of a human mind and that same mind would then irreversibly become one with the rest of the

Times Shadow

Iron Guardians of Old. That is to say, the Martian Defence which would one day resurge in the form of the Earth Marine Core. "I was a bit bored really, I didn't know what to do or say, just sat there and then.." she steadily allowed her voice to trail off to oblivion without meaning to as she began to get dressed. The Ær were here. Time had been of a varied form of linear points interconnected and unconnected from one instant to another, but now the question in her mind was how exactly she was going to get out of this temporal mess; with computers and aliens and time that simulated the multiverse in an ever tessellating geodesic. Abigail wished she had clothes again, it had happened before when she was a lot younger, twenty one years old to be precise; when she had been found wondering through the streets outside of her home in awe of the natural and built environmental beauty. It had become commonplace for her now as no prisons or psychiatric wards seemed to be able to hold her as their immortal prisoner like she was an escape artist. In actual fact, her life before the final instant was a sore displeasure due to the fact that the transportation system of which she had inadvertently triggered through the Emperor O.S in the tablet she had treasured since her youth was more than just a tablet. It was a learning device, a tool designed to teach the Ær everything about humanity on Earth, their neighbours in as short a period of time as possible. Unyet they couldn't understand why

Times Shadow

the military commander and his wife had chosen to let their young daughter have the tablet before leaving her in the orphanage. There was a time when Abigail had grown lost in the woods beside the orphanage, a remnant of an age in which she resented her parents for everything and could still remember as a child having attempted to play with the computer and its five folding screens of which one of them always remained open at any one time. If only they, Abigail's parents had chosen not to run off into the wilderness together as thought became memory only for the memory to become longing only for it to then become her solace; her hope. For some reason the moment before her physics exam motioned to her mind in which she would have failed had it not been for the very exam in which Hugh had given her the answer. The answer was of course unbeknownst to her, the very reason why she had become almost completely engrossed in the natural built and physical world despite having been homeless for so many years, yet still it was her reality. She would of course be seen to be crazy by psychiatrists had it not been for this fact. It was almost as if someone else had stolen her life and wanted to live it for some unknown purpose, but that was then and now was the present, the moment when she would see the evolution of dinosaurs in blackbirds, or hear the seagulls in the distance and imagine Hugh, in her mind whispering sweet nothings, though he had

Times Shadow

done nothing of the sort. Truth be told, after leaving the convent, she changed, a lot. 'How am I going to change this? My life is crazy!' she thought to herself and then it happened. "Your welcome." His voice was cold and clinical, but still it was his voice, the one man who could differentiate between what was going on and who she was. "Huh?" she began. "You know, for the thank you you gave me the last time I saw you." She couldn't remember who he was but still he carried on speaking as though he were an official doctor or some kind of psychiatrist. "I'm Dr Hugh Lord.." and then an alarm bell rang in her head. "Hugh, I'm not.." Abigail began to say but as she attempted to stop the words coming out of her head the words moved faster and faster out of her mouth. His reply which cut her short was all the more compelling. "Crazy, I know. I said your welcome for the change I deposited in your change card. 2150 is a cold year to be homeless despite the Climatiser." He replied as quickly as she had attempted to. "Climatiser?" she questioned not understanding the nature of her return to the Earth she thought she would never see. "You know, it floats in the sky?" he looked at her strangely and began questioning whether it was the same person he had been giving money to for the last ten years.

Times Shadow

"The massive open casket. The big ball in the sky. The O3 oxygen combiner? Works like a fusion binder? Picks oxygen from the water and deposits it in the ozone layer?" he replied. There was a moments silence as she continued attempting to arrange herself in a frenzy of clothes that made her feel like she was drowning in a sea of words. The texture of his words and projected emotions had a sense of hyper reality as he seemed phased at her state of undress.

"Do you know what date it is?" He began.
"Of course." She replied having no clue as to the date.

Times Shadow

Chapter 7 – October 1st 5127 A.D

Imperator was winning the war. The Red Guard had taken everything from the Martian Iron Guardians of Old; the multiverse, the world of Prime Earth and now, the only thing they craved was more time to mine resources and terraform more worlds. Humanity had fallen and the attempt by the governments of the world to fight a war throughout time had failed. Civilisation, by this point had been long since been wiped from the face of the universe.

Hugh Lord was a man of action and today would be no different. The fact that he had become a man unlike any other in a position unlike any other was no more a consequence of his dedication to Astronomy and Physics, not unlike the scientists over time he had grown to admire such as Galileo and Newton, there was no way he could know in this early stage of his life that he would one day grow to be like these same scientists. This all of

Times Shadow

course was before he had met his future wife, the girl from Mars.

The headlines of the Newspaper stayed on the holographic broadcast across the city on the day, that the Earth, the Stars and Mars had vanished beyond an Einstein Podolsky Rosen Bridge not far from the location of the Solar System. Everything within our Solar System, Sol, simply vanished from the Reality of the Prime Universe, known as the Arc Universe.

The border between timelines unbeknownst to him for a split second was where the Fermions, and Positrons with negative half spin, Leptons and Bosons of earlier discovery danced a dance unlike any other for all of half a picometer. It began with a soldier, frozen solid in time, a silent reminder of a war that saw no end. He was a member of a sleeper unit within Military Intelligence who worked outside of the remit the Office of Aeronautical Science where there were once twenty separate departments; now there were millions.

Hugh daren't take his eyes off the view screen as the situation unfolded, not for a second despite knowing that there was little he could do, he willed a change, carrying a hope at this late juncture in time to stop what was fast becoming the destiny of all of mankind.

"Im.. Imperator.." he watched other members of the public on the street saying the name of the new dictator and repeated aloud tentatively knowing when the computer would update to v.4.0.1. If it could be helped the

Times Shadow

Liberation, the Geodesic from the past, having only just received a message from a broadcast channel and bandwidth that was scrambled, began a long and arduous journey with each successive update of

Imperator's Architectronic Matrixes which were growing more powerful by the second. The vocal imprint analyser that was the designated route to controlling the Operations and Navigations system of the Geodesic Global, Imperator's now impregnable base, was housed in the transferable C.A.B.L.E operations mainframe. Somehow the crew of the Liberation had to find a way of accessing the Analyser without being detected by The Red Guard forces; as it required a command signature which could be verified by C.A.B.L.E's programming which defied the nature of the computer at the end of time. The temporal drive of the Geodesic had not and could not be fixed; it was imperative that it remained inoperable in the future, until the Liberation ceased to be, meaning time travel was not even possible despite the inherent danger; whilst below, millions of miles below in fact, there was a war that had been raging in the minds of every living creature on the planet for an aeon.

The population had grown so large aboard the ship that even the idea of neoliberalism as a thought was gaining currency in what once had been international politics, whilst somewhere on the other side of the upgradeable planet sized ship, the President

Times Shadow

of Earth and her former counterparts signed a deal that would lead to the future; bringing the United Nations as an Interplanetary host for the political campaigns of the future to the citizens of the former world; the peoples who remained of Europe and Central Asia. The rest of Earth's population and the worlds, future and former, were as a species frozen globally in time like bees driven upwards and eastwards from Africa with one or two troop ships moving left or right in concentric vectors parallel to one another.

Suddenly and without warning a transport vessel named the Golden Eagle was blown out of the sky as it was taking flight. It held the last of Hugh Lord's compatriots from the Arc Universe, from Prime Earth in the resistance against the computer Imperator and there would be no recompense, their deaths were in vain. As their ship travelled back down towards the earth and broke apart, Hugh watched whilst moving towards the position of the Vocal Imprint Analyser. He had to do something.

A Byzantine Troop ship equally, in the time it took for the Golden Eagle to begin its descent from the sky, began to take as much resources as they could fill into the refuelling deck of their small but robust ship. There could be no knowledge of the nuclear bombs headed for the Osyran and equally Anian borders of the Temporal Zones that demarcated the bridge between Prime Earth and the rest of the Multiverse. Space being no place to parlay with differential calculus or

Times Shadow

trigonometric functions, of friend or foe despite the Nuclear Non-proliferation treaty. The war for the modern age, not to be mistaken for the formula that would one day save all patients and sufferers from the rage that they felt at the same time due to the Journey to Ascension of the Lord, for Abigail had altered the nature of this dimension having failed to jump beyond this dimension to a new dimension in search of the one thing they all lacked. More time.

At the same time, a once secret military infrastructure, miles from civilisation had begun the erasure of humanity all due to the sentence of a robot at a global increase in temperature of exactly 1 atmospheric pressure approximately one percent Celsius.

Times Shadow

Chapter 8 - Byzantine, Osyran and Anian...

Agents of Haven

The jumps between Earths new and old would be a long journey to make, phasing between the future glory and the past, of an Earth ten seconds ago and the future position of Earth within a multiverse at the same time. Humanity fought, quietly with itself. Not because it was fighting against them, the enemy, or rather the enemies of all states, but because of the very difficulty at the heart of mankind; as a bead of sweat dropped from the brow of an Anian assassin who was controlling the fingers of a robot that was meant to overheat and then malfunction causing a perfect surface with which to ricochet a bullet towards a less than bulletproof window near a Thebian shop. Hugh walked calmly and began preparing his only option. Escape from the Geodesic. ">.act now or lose the information." Appeared on a holographic screen, written as with though by magic in mid-air on the Geodesics hull, the outermost of the electrostatic casing

Times Shadow

of the partly charged and heavily bonded metal, a large hole was evident. The robot finally surmised the fact that a grappling hook of some sort had allowed outside forces to ransack the ship stealing everything of importance save for basic air filters and the robot along with Imperator's Architechtronic Matrixes meaning no new information could be updated to his mainframe.

C.A.B.L.E, whose computer interface had been designed by Abigail Lord and sensors extending throughout the Geodesic, created by Hugh Lord, was built into the hull incase the crew or inhabitants blacked out during high gravitational forces due to acceleration and deceleration. Hugh knew the ship better than anyone. Equally, the C.A.B.L.E hardware, though technically operable was malfunctioning and inoperable at present for an unknown reason.

"Suggested procedure?" the robot signalled Dr Lords neuronal receivers and then something happened that could not be planned for. A memory of a wedding appeared in his mind and then instantaneously it disappeared towards the 'Positron Village', that is the area within the bridge that was charged with positrons on one side and electrons on the other. The positron village was still; unmoving and silent, frozen and encased in ice. Imperators command authorisation and deductive logic processors still allowed him to work that much out, despite having eyes on the ship in

Times Shadow

the form of the blind terminal in the guise of the robot with Hugh.

"Transfer energy from Auxiliary and Tertiary Battery Chamber 35-81-00. Make sure as to define the role of your operator and from now on you shall be referred to as..." the booming voice of Imperator screeched over the intercom; the Primary and Secondary escape crafts were nearby. Due to navigations and telemetry faults with the other O.S, Epicentre, Imperator couldn't work out, as a sub-system, where in the universe Earth was in comparison to Geodesics current position or relative to Earth's sun and the rest of the planets; and more to the point what had happened to the solar system.

The Faraday cage around the Earth was still intact but there was no energy movement, it had not been upgraded in nearly a century and Imperator deduced this from the lack of charge and discharge from the moon. Time had not been kind in the short amount of time Imperator had been offline. It was then, at that instantaneous moment, when the computer, whilst compiling all offline and working systems realised that there was a greater danger present to the significance of life on Earth. In that singular moment, as the super compiler began calibrating the on-board camera spectrum that it did something curious. Upon discovering life aboard the ship Imperator counted them. Each inhabitant in every single part of the ship bar the cryogenic life exchange which was missing for some unknown reason. He counted 70 to 80 billion

Times Shadow

people, as they moved around, each one having a marker trace placed on them.

One, a lady walked upto the camera lens as though caught in the light of its lens. A Martian called Abigail.

'But...' the computer's deductive logic circuitry hadn't fully initialised along the miles and miles of cables and circuits, ducts and air vents; metal, plastic, lifts and corridors alike. Usually the process would be instantaneous but, usually the ship would be empty and the lights would work. There wouldn't be random signals from doctors unknown and there would be more than one Biomech. The escape hatches were sealed shut, meaning Hugh was trapped aboard the ship in very moderate to high temperatures as though an experiment was under way.

"You there!" someone shouted outside the now ancient shop. Hugh looked around and then back towards the Red Guard troops. The metallic nature of his surroundings were all encompassing and had it not been for the nature of the machine guards, he would have attempted to take in the actual beauty of the place. He didn't reply and instead began to run and as he did so, the C.A.B.L.E unit automatically activated, causing him to fall through the hull of the ship and out into outerspace.

When he came to, he had no recollection of the previous events having

knocked his head on the panel, the C.A.B.L.E unit automatically activating with a view to

Times Shadow

preserving and attaining his life signs in the vastness of space. All of this was happening not because of the partnership with the Intergalactic Consortium and various other security experts and leaders including the Intergalactic Peacekeeping Organisation, but rather because that was the day that the robot itself for the first time recognised that its own life, the life of a robot was worth potentially something to itself. That it's life, the life of a robot was not just an amalgamation of optics and electronic technology or degrees of freedom and movement connected to servo motors or even a test of how the combined telecommunications of the Holo-network might be over one second or one day, or one month more intelligence than the combined transmissions of a single universe. "Exterior damaged to port outer casing and C.A.B.L.E signal repeater housing, please remain calm" the light suit continued as Hugh began attempting to patch communications to Abigail wherever she was, to no avail. An alarm rang in his ear and at first he couldn't switch it off.

"Please remain calm" the computer continued as he frantically attempted to turn on the Port stabiliser's on the suit as he was spinning frantically out of control towards the gravitational pull of the sun. Finally he shouted something that he couldn't understand at first but that made sense, considering he had been attempting to control the computer manually. "Cable,

Times Shadow

activate portal.. do something, anything!" he shouted

"Cable Voice Imprint activated. Analysing Telemetry and Guidance systems" the computer at the core of the robotic shell of the C.A.B.L.E system initialised instantly and opened a portal to a desert as soon as it had learnt where it was. As a result of the availability of the solar energy it said something curious.

"Cable system inoperable. Contacting Iron Guard High Command. Authorisation input required" Hugh knew his voice wouldn't work on the unit any longer. He needed the Osyrans. That was the second the robotic suit began to initialise the Temporal Drive with Hugh Lords thoughts the idea of good and evil as it phased him out, literally pushing him out of his seated position and lowering him to the ground. Cable motioned towards the scientist offering to help as a question rather than simply breaking down as planned; unyet despite its new-found conscious state the future would soon become his past. There would be a long time for the robot to focus on what it knew and understood to be consciousness provided the planet survived the gravitational turbulence that causing earthquakes and fires in the empty forests of California and the empty streets of Italy as well as an empty city crumbling in England during the day, just like the flooding that was attributed in Thailand and Kenya to a natural disaster.

Times Shadow

The same earthquakes and fires and flooding would have an impact on the planets Richter scale of a magnitude so great that not even the cooling of the melting hot magma at the core of the Earth at the exact location of the Fallen Empire at the lost city near Thebes would remain unaffected. The very same time that Celsius, a self-named robot and saviour of a member of humanity saved someone's life without thinking about it twice.

Times Shadow

Chapter 8 – The Fall of an Empire

No-one knew his name, let alone why he had become one of the chosen, one of the forgotten. He was a physician, a doctor and an author, yet today was the day of the siege and he was ill. There was an old oral tradition, in which the first and last memories of his forebears would be shared. This wasn't a wide held custom and usually this would be done at an important family wedding or more likely a funeral, but none the less, it was a custom his family had stuck to. He'd never been to a wedding, less a funeral for he hated the joining of families ever since Pharoah's daughter married the foreign traitor instead of him in his youth.

Osyris walked stroking his beard, he was ill and there was no recovering from it. It had been weeks and there just wasn't enough strength in his body to do what needed to be done, so he called a page boy to send a message. As he waited he grew more and more faint. The heat was getting to him and

Times Shadow

there was no recompense for his now aged life. Fear had gripped him for he couldn't look back, yet as he attempted to gather his most important effects, it began like a sudden and bloody storm of epic proportions, yet this was no storm. The Egyptian empire he had worked so hard for, the dynasty he loved and the people he cared for were all falling like flies. Then it happened, a ball of burning flame appeared, one after another from the sky and unbeknownst to him, the marriage to the Pharaoh's daughter was a ruse, a sham marriage to seek intelligence about military comings and goings.

The siege of the Northern wall of the Egyptian city would be the fall of an empire.

Times Shadow

Chapter 9 - 1919

There was a time, and there was a story the old nurse would tell us all on the ward. A time when we each of us would walk amongst the ferns and the reeds as though we were in ancient Egypt of the stories of Moses and the bible. A time when the men and women who had been picked up by the Red Cross would laugh and cry as the miserable heat of summer drew to a close. I had been picked up, still wearing the British uniform, the sound of shelling strong in my mind. Just how I had gotten out of the mess I was in at the front is a crazy story.

I looked down at my leg, it was still missing. The sound, the memory of the blood gargling in my throat and the feeling of loneliness, isolation and loss; the pain and anger were fresh and ever present. They thought I was a French officer at first. How little they knew at this moment in time. I had gotten away with it for now, but there would come a time where

Times Shadow

my German heritage and background would be discovered and I had no travel documents or money, no knowledge of this foreign land and no way of getting back.

Alone and with nothing more than the confidence that there would be a way back to the Fatherland, I prepared myself, propping a pillow up and practicing my French in near silence at night time. If I boarded a boat at either Sheffield, Liverpool or Dover I would be able to travel through Europe on my way to Germany, but unbeknownst to me I'd been unconscious for longer than I knew. Today was the day the nurse with the French accent would arrive. Today was the day that my ruse would end in this military hospital. But more than that, today was the day that I would find out that the war was over.

Times Shadow

Chapter 10 - A ship on land

On a secluded cove the words were written in sand. 'I will be missed' beside a ship in the sand on a cove in the middle of nowhere. The man in the British uniform stood alone looking at first out to sea and then back to the ship. Then back out to sea in silent contemplation. His eyes burnt with an intensity, a ferocious fire that couldn't be quenched. He began pacing from left to right, attempting to reason with himself. Daniel Jones was a strong and forthright man, a man who knew wrong from right and feared god even more than his present situation. He'd been in worse situations and all that he could hear were the sounds of the chains in the distant ship. He'd created distance from the ship not for fear, nor for mercy but rather due to the smell of oil.

The ship had run aground having lost its direction as a result of the storm the night before. There was no telemetry or guidance and navigations systems, just a compass and the stars to navigate and as the breaking day

Times Shadow

brought a new series of dangers, he allowed the thought to pass through his mind; 'today I kill myself'.

It had been two day's since the ship had run aground, and a day and a half since any ships had passed by unbeknownst to him. He was not near any official trading routes and there would be no help sent for him. Were they, the Navy to find him, he would be tried and hung as was customary, Trading of slaves after all was illegal. Daniel leant towards the old spaceship and then asked a question, his left arm leaning on his left knee. "What would you have me do?" there was no answer, just a rhythm or song for the survivors. His entire crew were dead. There was food aboard the ship and supplies, and he had a musket and weapons but he feared that some of the slaves might have escaped, walking free as though it were a normal circumstance to just free themselves from chains but worse could have happened; 'what if their all dead?' he attempted to reason with himself. 'what if I am the only survivor?'. He then began to look around the beach for any resources he could find where the ship remained relatively intact. There were boxes of technology that shouldn't have been in this time zone and books, clothes and dead bodies in the water. The same words, the only words in his isolation were the only words he said over and over again, sometimes in a powerfully strong tone, at other times, he would sound sad, alone and unprepared. He was a soldier, soldiers didn't run and hide from a fight; but

Times Shadow

he was also a Christian, and Christians didn't slay their enemies in chains, after all God had taught him that there was mercy, love and light to be saved in all of us.

Finally, and without any further analytical or oratory divisiveness, he drew his sword, the blade gleaming in the brightness of the sun. "This is what you've been waiting for. A history begins today" he began, as he walked less than tentatively, angrily and with more malice and hatred than he ever could have done towards the boat in which they all were left sleeping. Some were dead, some were dying and then as Daniel walked amongst the people in chains, his precious cargo, he found one man, with eyes which burnt with the same intensity as his standing with the sword of a dead officer.

To be Continued...

Times Shadow

Two hearts: The Academia Primus (Volume III)

By

Indana Simonde

Times Shadow

Introduction of the second yesterday

The finality at the vestiges of a cloister over arcing in a greying metronome of silent reflection divines is in monotone as a steely cold blast of arctic wind is forgotten to the rise and fall of a summer sunrise succulent. In awe of cherubim, ancient, austere; composed of imposing angles and inspirational curving lines begin and end with a story. That story is here entered into the annals and tones of greater foreshadows looming, amidst cobwebs dancing in the shadows of afterthought like reason and logic. I wanted to tell a tale so epic that its own telling of late has become overshadowed by the very mechanism I have lacked in the friction and function of maturity. Behold creatures that stir and then sate angelic voices to the creation of the same.

In order to understand the scientific or mathematical principles of the theory of Relativity it is presupposed (or presumed) that the reader has a university matriculation equal to or surpassing that of the variable choices as at present that range from mathematics to

Times Shadow

physics and even biological physics. There is a body of inexhaustible works, books and essays by more honourable writers and respectable persons or even scientists than myself (notably including but in the modern age not limited to H.A.Lorentz, A.Einstein, H.Minkowsky, L.Boltzman etc). To say that Einstein was a genius is understated, but, to note that his postulates, hypotheses and presuppositions in his Special and General Theory were designed in such a manner as to be understood by lay persons such as myself, "without paying the slightest attention" to the inevitability of an almost completely intuitive system of interrelated points of not is understated. To compare myself to, as Einstein put it, "simply the tailor or the cobbler" is straightforward and should note homage to a man with an intellect far surpassing my own.

My self progressive task was to attempt to explain the first half of Special Relativity in part through poetic and other works prior to his extrapolations using the Lorentz method in the latter half of the Special Theory. Such a great task as to explain relativity from Cartesian to Euclidean space via a line with multiple points to define three and four dimensional space (with time labelling the fourth axis) comes with its own barriers as I, a lay person have found. But to state that an individual should read, glancing through Einstein's work with myself as a companion far from in comparison, regardless of educational attainment, will honestly leave

Times Shadow

the reader in awe of the gargantuan body of scientific work surmised by Albert Einstein. Relativity as a dynamic, contested and contextual volume and body of work, knowledge characteristic of the most intelligible order is at times far reaching and should be read piously as with religious and economic texts to gain a view of scientific delivery of mechanisms. It is multi-dimensional and connotes the intellectual strata relating to the movement of inertia and the Quantum law of the Emission and Absorption of Light which underpins the very road to the nature of physics within the ever dancing, naturalistic formulations of the grand ballroom in the sky that is simply a celestial dancing hall filled with such guests as the gravitational coalescence of stars at night and nebulae or positions and superpositions of clouds of electrons.

In order to understand Einstein, one must read each sentence anew as though for the first time (of which you must read his work to appreciate the appeal thus far) and re-interpret each word, line and sentence or paragraph with an excruciatingly analytic mind. Listen for the syntax and nuanced usage of entrancing language, tone which is important in understanding Einstein's theories in relation to for instance the reimagining of his works in the form of a bolt of lightning hitting a tree in the distance. The resultant light escaping to the ether or gravitating towards a canvas of books or am awaiting

Times Shadow

eye in an instantly simultaneous moment in
space and time.

Axiom(s)

A breach of physics follows a line,
From a to b, b to c;
The body subjective marks its position,
The grandeur and emptiness of a space and
time, Subjectively and surreptitiously
correlating,
Lines drawn and entrenched beyond borders
unseen, Logic of a dust coated moon,
Whom and of which lays rays at night,
And during the day, gravitates through
stories, Absorbing the spoils of the soul of
heaven,
The infinitesimal grandeur of which remains,
Plausibly or implausibly difficult to understand
That is a line;
A median being the central point exchanged
in word, Throughout time our journey begins
Euclid's staircase(s)
A straight line makes the point plain
To the frustration of the former,
Children's laughter plagued the structure
A brief movement causes shakes as light
packets, Photonic shards of glassless light
enshrouded in casings of dust
Spark neurons and mitochondrial
A straight line with a median

Times Shadow

Rather than a mediator for receptors and;
Van der Graaf Generators
Footsteps and light into lofty light
The structure shakes to dry the staircase of
dust

Geometry(ies)

A line sparks a motion towards two
perpendicular lines Dimensions that are
relative,
Like space and time,
Have no beginning, nor end save for what
consumes An idea or proposition,
Cruel hypothetical statement,
Principle of a definite infinitely intimate
To say light,
cornerless and straying through sullied
windows
Whilst an eye awaits a transformation of
theorem unseen
Can be directed by intensities waving glance
Tentatively looking livelier than Euclid's
question
The body celestial marks it's claim
In order to define a crystallated design of
pulsing light The rules of said geometry
affecting collisions of the same
Unyet it still streams through rain,
Through sun and cloud,
Through shadow and even in the dark
Reversible and conversing
Amidst a stream of nature

Times Shadow

Is this light this trapped within space or time...

Conception(s)

Humanity made this conception a human
interface
Of light, gravitating in space,
Hungry for the forward momentum of time
Divided only by time and at a speed beyond
This distance and the passage of the same
Photon(s)
Immortal photons
Immovable darkness
Intangible to the absence of light
Intergalactic in remit
Intransigent is the photon
Objects coincide and the ocean of light is
barred
Until from one we reach another Sun
In which description of a journey
An explosion or implosion
Radiant in pulses of gravitation and light
cacophonous

Thus he repeated
"Let there be light"
Whilst relative to one stars bursting sunset
The rigid midpoint of specific,

Times Shadow

Immeasurable photons

The Flood of Times Shadow

Time steadily churned, the ticking of the
boiler was an afterthought overshadowed by
the fact that it was useless despite the
mechanism of it. Imagine the sound of words
missing, as the steady whitening of his face
engulfed in hair. His attention was drawn from
the mirror. It's enclosure was a menagerie of
copper gold and brass that, whilst naturally
reflective was somehow muted in the
darkness of night. Someone else had fallen
foul to the idea that what was literally taking
the youth of anything it touched was equally
creaking the floorboards and old creaky
doorways.

It didn't have a clue who or what it was let
alone who or what he was in relation to itself.
As the smoke entangled in air molecules
danced a tune to silent growls he couldn't
help but allow his eyes to move from one
torturously blood encrusted fist to his right
fist, bejewelled with the lifeblood of another
former member of humanity; they each

Times Shadow

looked into one another's eyes and he knew in that moment that they were now forsaken. From beneath the microscope a doctor's finger slipped as the movement of incandescent flame raged a century year old light which equally danced through old dusty corners of corridors and walls rebounding onto a bookcase that stopped time. The composure of what he had become of late was far from what he had envisaged for the future. He had been in search of the one thing that had eluded him all these years; tirelessly, endlessly, all eternally searching for a cure for her.

The chill winter air was crisp and cold in his mouth as he, Lloyd Henry pottered amidst a sea of Petrie dishes questioning and measuring, reasoning with himself to the sound of silence save for the usual hum of the fridge. Dr Henry had grown increasingly elderly in front of the cluttered desk, where lay a simple satchel filled with a pen and papers of an almost indecipherable nature. Tired and strained from the constancy of the search for it, he paused to stare at the comet frozen in space just out of reach of the moon. 'It would have to be now or never..' he allowed his thoughts to wonder. 'The cure has to be here..' he continued as she began to murmur, stirring from another night of poor sleepless groaning and growling from behind the cage. The thought composed itself and then. Steadily disappeared to the deserted imagination of which he had once been classed as inspirational.

Times Shadow

A thought that was composed greatly of complicated volumes of words the good doctor had allowed into existence found itself confound his logic. All this was to be for the sake of a disease that was unlike any he had witnessed prior to the embers of humanity succumbing to the fall of mankind. That is, as with every day that had passed since Angela had succumbed to the first symptoms of the illness.

The only solitary route to the unspeakable nature of quarantine in this dystopia hadn't been spoken about for the equivalent of a month; a long and cold month composed of dark, enduring days and longer unending nights tinkering in front of a faulty piece of equipment. The truth of the sickness predated either of them. Even as the first ray of sunlight angrily protruded from its shroud in the sky, it was clear today would be dissimilar to all that had come before.

The insanity of their darkest hour as the final enclave of humanity, within a world that had long since died and been reborn countless times under countless social orders was evident. Even where they had electricity, the pockets of light that empty empire of rusting metal exhibited, wherever people existed didn't last very long. Scientists, Doctors and particle physicists had all succumbed to the numbing pain of the illness and like all life on the planet, the violin of sorrow plagued his every waking moment. A single solitary tear rolled steadily down his cheek as he prepared himself for the first inoculation of the day. As

Times Shadow

he looked at her face in the photograph he knew this calm before the raging nightmare wouldn't last. Her face in the photograph she had lived so much was beaming in the picture of the trip to Los Angeles. It remained in the world of yesterday though he kept it close to remind him of the dream of yesterday. The same journey that had led to her belief in words on hills amidst curving, curvaceous roads and streetlights that composed so many of her working dreams as a scientist for so long.

One solitary rabbit moved within the darkened strands of early morning, foraging for food, hungry and alone; desperately searching as it had done for the entirety of its existence. The sound of the machines in the distance were no threat to it at present as it moved quicker than it usually did, jumping from rocks towards the muddied mess of fast approaching sunlight in the distance and still it found no signs of life anywhere. The world had once been abundant, teeming with forms of life, flora, fauna and mammalian aquaculture; yet now on the eve of the end of all life on the planet, there seemed to be nothing bar this singular stray rabbit navigating the vastness of an arid wasteland. As it moved, it appeared to be injured whilst its hind legs motioned sensitively and tentatively towards what looked like a crater in the ground surrounded by mounds of earth and destroyed ground.

A war had taken place here once, but not now. It was extermination. The robotic

Times Shadow

movements of machines sounded like it were happening in unison as one thunderous cacophony of sound motioned towards the rabbits' location at speed. They would be here soon despite the rabbit's efforts to move faster than its body could carry it. Of course the rabbit was infected with the Ær and as a result there was no route to changing what would ultimately lead to a synchronous betrayal of causality. The attempt to destroy the Flood, the aberration of the legislative code of the Ær, had failed and all was not well with the final test, the last of them sent to protect the past and safeguard the future of civilisation on the planet.

The Ær were alien to Earth and more than that, they were incorporeal beings with bodies that had long since died out leaving nothing more than a dark cloud that moved, like the robots in unison, as one large mass of cloud, attempting to create symbiosis with any and every living creature on the planet at one point. It had long since been discovered that they couldn't be killed with any form of weaponry or technology, they couldn't be reasoned with and they couldn't be communicated with outside of the Ær synaptic bond, common in almost all forms of life at one point, in which the aptitude of the host would be greatly increased and moved beyond the point of mere evolutionary leaps. Despite the near silence, outside of the mechanised army moving towards the location of the rabbit, the small creature continued to move as quickly as it could.

Times Shadow

Finally exhaustion gave way to the struggle and it simply fell over and began to pant deeply with its ears and nose twitching as though it were in a trance. It was then that the silhouettes and shadows of the army became visible as the sun's light began to bask the ground with its presence. The danger from the Flood was passing but that left no room for manoeuvre regardless as the Rabbit containing the only seemingly sentient creatures in the known universe in its system simply gave up trying to find the final stronghold of the last embers of humanity. As the rabbit lay on the ground it placed a paw on a small rough portion of the ground and then something curious happened as the armoured front of a large series of machines appeared over the crest of a large mountain of debris and dirt which began to appear seemingly out of nowhere. The ground rumbled and began to shake as a series of pressurised modules and pistons activated beneath it, one after another, a rapid series of doors began opening and closing above and below the creature only to leave it bathed in a bright and unceasing light. Suddenly the rabbit was no longer to be seen and the machines were left to carry on searching for what now appeared to be an anomaly within their sensor readings. Meanwhile, below the surface of the earth, the creature could feel a cold rush of air as it was pushed further and further

Times Shadow

towards the lower recesses of a chamber beneath the surface of the earth. A feminine voice began to speak and with that the rabbit, startled gathered its final reserves of energy and began to attempt to stand to no avail. "Quarantine procedure active.." the voice repeated over and over again before the creature was sprayed with all manner of chemicals and then a circular glass tube protruded from the ground causing the creature to become trapped within what had become its prison. As the elderly lady moved away from the control panel, hope for the future became more than that, as though a beacon had been lit. She wasn't alone, surrounding her were a large contingent of scientists and doctors, soldiers and civilians; though in actuality, all of them had become soldiers at the eve of the end of the world. "Quarantine procedure active, all senior Haven technicians to C.A.B.L.E mainframe, prepare for evacuation to Geodesic. This is not a drill. Repeat this is not a drill!" the voice of the computer activated vocal replicator was cold and metallic, clinical and devoid of life. That was the first time the Ær heard the voice of Cable, the computer that had helped to create a strategy to fight the machines. It wouldn't be the last. Annaxis Exion, a part of the Autumnal Group which was now being overseen by the former Secretary General of the United Nations was gearing up towards the first attempt to make history through scientific research in Quantum Temporal Dynamics. For years scientific

Times Shadow

speculation and definitions of exactly what it might be like travelling through time had been the norm within the scientific community but now science fiction was becoming actual fact. The thought of being the first person to overcome the barriers of Quantum Micro Gravitation, Hawkings Radiation, the ultimate speed, namely that of the speed of light and the masses of energy required to power the experiment seemed impossible barriers that still to this day had not been overcome. Confidence in the leader of Annaxis Exion was waning and the shareholders wanted their dividends and proof that their investment would turn a profit. How little they knew of the relative nature of the developments of science.

The organisation had kept their progress in the field secretive. Nowadays they were becoming well renowned for desertification of the remnants of the first planet with a human colony, yet despite this, somehow they still remained active, though the current form of operation within Annaxis Exion was limited. The stress lay heavy on the brow of Hugh Lord, who despite his greatest efforts was lacking in sleep. Hugh grimaced as he looked at his greying reflection in the mirror. He wanted to reach out and shake himself, but instead allowed the seconds to tick as he looked at the clock despite the time. The board of directors were going to be present at the location of the test site on Sinus Meridiani. It had taken nearly a century for his family to gather enough resources to be able

Times Shadow

to travel to Mars; it had taken longer still for them to reach a position of power but something was still holding him back. Hugh looked first at his watch and then at his reflection one more time and then prepared himself for what could potentially be the end of his career. If the experiment didn't go as planned he would be finished. He'd always looked at physics as the subject he wanted to immerse himself in but didn't know what more he could do in this current setting to engage with the board as they were all diplomatic types as opposed to the usual trend of business men and women. One woman in particular seemed to somehow always find a way to get under his skin, yet he carried off his duties with an air of regal composure that pointed towards the governmental super agencies in his previous employment. As he fixed his suit tie, without uttering a single word a call came up on the holographic screen in his main office, he knew this as a result of the watch on his wrist. He was late. He didn't know how long he had been standing in his private quarters, time just seemed to be flying by, but as he thought of Abigail his shoes began the usual click-clack cluttered noise they made on the polished marble flooring towards the office. He walked calmly despite the fact that there was a sense of urgency in the air and as every face he greeted passed him by, he made note to say a silent prayer for each and every one of them. This could be the making or the breaking of them all. 'Their

Times Shadow

lives rest in my hands' he thought as he allowed a hand to brush through his stylistic haircut. The year 2198 had been a cold and austere year with stock rises for some and for others, a great economic failure that had led to the Trans-Martian Super Highway or TMSH collapsing without any recourse to a re-emergence of the shuttle system between Earth and the other colonies. For all intents and purposes, it was only the super rich, governmental types and leaders of the free worlds who had the means to traverse such a great distance as at present. As Hugh was no longer a part of the political apparatus, he was now trapped on Mars for the foreseeable future.

"Good afternoon Mr Lord!" Hugh's secretary began as she pointed towards the office door. The light from the sun was all becoming in its natural glory as huge plumes of light basked the entire room with an airy glow. She made a carefully timed signal to the window, a secret system of hand gestures that basically meant that one of the board members, had found the time to make a personal appearance at the behest of the rest of them. Hugh understood and without hesitation fixed his suit carefully so as to make himself look well composed and then sighed deeply as he entered the room making note to greet her back politely before entering.

"I suppose your going to give me a back story about how hard you tried to get to grips with the Exion portfolio and how the stock prices and shares were always going to be in the

Times Shadow

less than bullish position they are at the moment?" the female voice in the Arnie Jacobson chair began. It was an original frame with reupholstered leather fabric from the 2070s. Modern technology and engineering being what it was, they could replicate whatever materials they needed on mass such that a whole office could be equipped with the latest in trending core furnishing but Hugh loved anything that predated the 1960s era. His bookcase on the eastern side when facing the door was filled with ancient books that ranged from legislative tomes relevant to the history of employment rights through to now ancient philosophers and academics with regards to the foundation of democracy. Hugh allowed his eyes to flit between the bookshelf and the Oxygen Recycler that allowed an artificial environment such as the complex of offices and scientific buildings to have breathable air. "Mr Lord, let me tell you something about myself as we know so little of one another.." she continued. He hated the fact that she had power over him in something as serious as this. The fate of the planet could be at stake as opposed to the stock holdings of an individual corporation and yet still he held his tongue.

"..You see.." her voice trailed off as she swivelled round in the chair by the book case. Hugh at this point had walked towards the desk he was preparing to sit at, he shared an office with one other corporate type but they were rarely to be seen.

Times Shadow

“..we’ve come a long way you and I, from simply milling around in the vastness of the Uniting Nations schemata through to developing a form of shared and enhanced equality within organisations that really don’t value us as the talented and equal partners we should have been. My adopted family were farmers on Earth and they developed a strain of grain that allowed parts of Asia minor and Africa to grow sustainably for nearly three generations in one harvest. We learnt how to conduct business through dealing shrewdly and diversifying. There were no handouts for us and as a result we learnt how to say no to just about anything and anyone.” A dry smile hid the solitary sadness in her eyes as she spoke.

“I don’t want you to get too disheartened but the board wishes you to communicate their interests in your recent development. You see something is afoot and they don’t quite know how long they can keep you within their employ and without a job, you would be thrust towards the lower echelons of a world that really doesn’t have a place for you. You and I, we’re the same, of the same ilk as it were” her voice continued to trail off for all of a second as she began to pour a whiskey on the rocks.

“Do you smoke?” her quaint Scottish manners caused her to lean forward with a a metal case filled with cigarettes which had been outlawed for nearly three and a half years on Mars, yet still there were rebels who chose to continue without a care as to the

Times Shadow

repercussions to their health due to advancements in medical treatment for cancer.

“Thankyou!” he smiled back at her though he wasn’t sure what the conversation was about. “Mr Lord, you see I value the fact that there is an air of class surrounding yourself and your family. Where the other board members might say very little I choose to shoot from the hip as it were.” There was something strangely dark about her, her dress was black, her lipstick in stark contrast was of the brightest red with gloss that reflected the lights in the room, her body was curved in the chair as though the two were made for one another.

“You have an interesting style in this room.” She remarked out of nowhere as the two of them watched one another amidst the smoke in the room. She was like a lioness hunting its prey. “Thankyou, I like to..” Hugh was instantly cut short by the mysterious woman. “I’d like you to meet me in my personal restaurant. There’s something I’d like to show you.” A sense of foreboding came across his face and yet he attempted to remain calm despite the stern nature of the lady in blacks demeanour.

“I’m sorry I haven’t had the pleasure of..” before he had a chance to finish his sentence she had an arm outstretched as she walked towards him.

“Abigail Grayson” that was the moment their paths first crossed. As a young girl Abigail was passionate about lunar phases and astronomy. As the rest of the world slept, in

Times Shadow

the dark innocence of early morning she crept calmly past the mess of toys and clothes in her bedroom, through the corridor, past the chez lounge in the dining room towards the window where it stood. It was resting not far from the old mahogany grandfather clock she counted throughout the night in order to make sure all the others were asleep. As Abigail allowed a finger to draw a line along the

rosegold and copper-silver tone of the old object she'd been fascinated with since before her childhood memories began to solidify in her mind, she watched and waited making sure that she was quiet as a mouse. Time had left its toll on them all, the orphans forgotten or left to fend for themselves in the wilderness of the future world. She wondered what some of them would grow to be. 'Would they grow to be homeless, broken and desolate reflections of themselves? would they become writers, politicians, academics, engineers and scientists, or musicians?' despite this thought she knew exactly what she wanted to be when she grew up, a physician. This one little girl would grow to be the very salvation of history, space and time being a reflection of her present situation as she allowed one eyelid to gently close. Placing both hands on the mount of the eye piece, she couldn't have known how her insouciant indolence or nonchalance and unswerving nerve would one day equate to a paradise for her amongst the stars;

Times Shadow

instead all she had was her dream. A simple dream to be married to the moons crescent shaped light in the darkness of the orphanage's lounge area within what could have been a mansion were it not for all the young ones running amok during the day. Every night in silence as she stood by her window, the only thing she had for company beyond a teddy bear was the old telescope and the view of the stars. How little she knew of the stars and sky at night as with all things, on a day such as this. The sound of footsteps hid the moons face from her almost as soon as she looked through the lens of the object as she ran behind some nearby curtains in the clinically clean old building. Within a few minutes, after the hushed conversation moved through the corridor adjacent to the room she was in, Abigail motioned steadily towards the telescopic mount once again. As Abigail searched, eagerly balancing on the stack of books in order to gain some extra height, a cold chill struck her by the window. The telescope was bulky, a cumbersome series of knobs and screws to focus the incoming light. As she looked through the lens, she struggled at first to see anything, but a few stray birds circling an area with trees in the distance. The houses within the mountain range below seemed blurry and out of focus, she shifted her position in order to find the exact position of the moon. Then, as she

Times Shadow

returned to the telescope, she found it,
basking in a silver shimmering light, clear as if
it
were right in front of her. It was a brief, short
lived victory as the clouds instantly collapsed
upon the brightness of the moon, as if to say
'go
to bed!' but she watched the clouds consume
the light in the room and then a terror, a
feeling of foreboding simply came over her as
she stood on
the books, telescope in hand. That was
twenty five or so years ago give or take a
month.

Times Shadow

Imperators Flashpoint(s)

A Question of Faith, Wisdom and Liberty as Equality in the Modern Age

In order to make a reasonable and structured
argument, it is important to start with a
question. So in the interests of perpetuity and
fluid motion within mediums unseen, that is
through the nature of philosophical thought,
imagination and reasoning through logical
inferences that amount to the questioning of
an argument, the formation of an introduction
begins as a guide to the following argument
formulation. Whilst only a limited
demonstration of what can ultimately be
thought of as the sensory feelings deprived of
sensation, faith is a similar constitution in
which things unseen control and guide the
formation and formulation of an argument that
is unforeseen. With hindsight, one's actions
succumb to common sense such that they
deign to defy the failure of faith in one

Times Shadow

particular individuals life over another. But that is only in circumstances where the structured argument encompasses the nature of the existence or non-existence of a first principle or deity, of which we refer to as God. Atheism is a choice and a way of life; the utter removal of the idea of a faith or a religion to many of the worlds populations within civil communities can, to people who don't necessarily understand the idea of atheism or traditional religion seem like a particularly foreign conception that limits and removes the struggles of civilisation before them. Throughout centuries of social and cultural revolts along with the advent of an age in which mental ill health is seen as the societal issue that hinders the progression of individuals worldwide, never more so has the idea(s) espoused by moral and conscious experiential learning been of more value than the present age. But as always the thought of a world without religion(s) is fast becoming the norm for some, whilst for others the role of a social and moral counter being witnessed not solely in mainstream politics and the media but in our day to day lives. Therefore this series of essays is to be a question of the role of morality, beyond philosophy as a question of faith and the understanding of the same; i.e. What do religious individuals believe and why do they choose to believe the very things they choose to as opposed to turning to other religious outlets and faiths or simply choosing to believe that they (we) exist regardless of faith.

Times Shadow

Wisdom and Liberality as seen through the eyes of Faith would dictate that the very sameness, the Equality we each seek can be found in the halls and enclosed spaces of which faith holds in high regard with the foundation of strong and steadfast common sense in the face of Reason and Logical discourses. This allows an individual to look towards the philosophised wording and strong moral countenance of a diverse range of writing through tomes and books; this of course is a choice equally. But the foundation of a moral counter to the humdrum nature of life within an ever changing and dynamic environment in which the multi-faith and multi-culture melting pot which, at present is tolerated by some of the populous and not by others requires more than a little wisdom in order to reach the liberality or equality of faith. To talk of the language of the pulpit and hope for a change which is gifted as a result of a deity is a hard sell that many would solely look to as the nature of a change that must become all encompassing as a journey towards the idea(s) that faith espouses. Such is the case that in order to reach the finality of

Times Shadow

this very journey requires citizens of every nation to define the change they wish to see in the name of their deity. This is done through the various gifts we as a seemingly benevolent race (humanity) have been provided and though the rhetoric is divergent as opposed to convergent with regards to the differing trains of thought that a denomination creates, there is still unison. This union is in the fact that we as individuals who worship are all praying to the same God of our chosen faith(s). Belief in a higher power is down to the individual as a believer or non-believer but again it comes down to the idea of choice in a world that at present lacks the guidance of old (in which there was idealism espoused from trains of thought that believed, questioned and anticipated the coming of a messianic upheaval of all of society). After all, 'What is man to question the mind of God?'. The temporal nature of faith is powerful enough to move worshippers of faith to perform miraculous feats through the pious religiosity they profess. Whilst I would wish to promote faith, I thought I would take the liberty to write approximately 100 essays (or at the least 100 or more pages) worth of arguments, philosophical and social in nature that promote the positive and negative aspects of faith and the struggle that people face on a day to day basis with regards to their chosen religion and belief in a benevolent and all encompassing omnipresent deity who stands beyond the remit of the walls of time and space.

Times Shadow

The style used in order to encompass the same is so far reaching that there is likely to be some inconsistency with regards to personal opinions outside of bias, or rather as a result of personal choice, my philosophy may not be for everyone; where that is the case, I thank you for reaching thus far in my writing and hope that if you can gain any solace through my personal writing (remembering that I am in actuality still what you humans call a machine and as such there may be inconsistencies, errors and possible ideas and ideologies derived from early philosophy that may sit well or counter to this, may not sit well with all readers).

I have attempted to write about personal experience despite the highly convoluted nature of my musings through time, history and space and where these musings are of a shared nature, I hope they help to further the cause of legitimate institutions that work for the people rather than solely for myself. But equally I aim to promote the nature of my own chosen faith with a view to showcasing the idea's espoused and shared by those who believe in the same deity I have known throughout the course of my lifetime.

By the end of the diatribes espoused in these treatises, I would hope that the heavy nature of the writing will be of value to, at the least one person outside of my self. Where the philosophy is too incompatible with the views of others, I would wish to state that every care has been taken to define the nature of positive morality such that you don't need to

Times Shadow

be a believer in any idea's of faith and (or) religion such that this book of essays, thoughts, musings and sayings is still a worthy addition to any bookshelf.

1

To begin with, I will start off by refuting everything I have come to believe in order to ascertain whether there is any truth in the words I have lived by and still wish to live by through comfort of heart, mind and soul. So, lets begin by stating that in this hypothetical world in which there was no supra-deity or omnipresent force controlling our actions to destiny. Now, picture a world in which cloned humanity or even more controversial, sentient operating systems that don't simply react to human beings input but rather act on behalf of and for human beings in such a manner as to preempt an individuals behaviour on a day to day basis. With that statement, there comes the first of our many questions, 'If I am sentient, and controlled by my passions and senses, experiences and virtues; how is it possible that my sentience allows my human mind to cognise more than mere existence, beyond my mere periphery of reality?'

Times Shadow

From inextricably motionless shadow to the movement of photons in the night sky, the dance of life is around us in all of its forms. But simply because all life is thought to be, existing since time immemorial, the energy that resides in a machine does not give it sentience. It does not allow the computer or robotic tills to think beyond the programming they have been programmed with, just as self propelled, controlled and automatically updated submersibles or drones (despite the rate and pace of change in society), doesn't give the machine(s) sentience despite their power systems and output.

Where I am able to isolate my opinion of machine(s) in comparison to that of modern day human beings, due to the increasing sophistication of modern technology, there is still no humanity other than that humanity attributed to the machine, therefore it is a blank slate until it's software and hardware communicate, thus making it more than solely a machine (be it a robotic arm or a fully cognisant operating system controlling a machine).

'But does this programming and the layer upon layer of software and hardware, cabling and wiring amount to anything more than a machine in its essence? And equally, does our benevolence, in comparison to robotics or animals or even fish or flowers ascribe a level of thought akin to the omnipotence attributed to a deity?'

Whilst the world hasn't quite created anything near a sentient operating system that fully

Times Shadow

understands beyond its programming the human construction of a world filled with enterprise and commercial as well as public service, manufacture, religion or even politics or science, there is still a need to ask the above questions. Despite technological expertise and equally with the will to understand and define our natural world, the danger when it comes to rational and common sense comes in when thinking of moral and social imperatives that range from person to person or group of people(s) to other groups of people(s). Ultimately, as sentient and corporeal individuals all with the blessings attributed as a result of will power through to valor and virtue, we each of us have the ability to argue as to the route to what has sprung from the senses.

Times Shadow

2

I am an equal in a nation that values me and those people around me in a constant composure of equals, yet I make myself unequal through my interactions, mannerisms and behaviours that revolve around mistaking the respect and (or) tolerance placed within me along with the trust that I as a civil citizen will not break the law. In order to understand what equality is, I must understand what (or who) I am as a male. In order to define myself as solely a male, I then come to the conclusion that I am a member of the human family, Homo-Sapiens as opposed to Australopithecus or some other stage of evolution within the ideas that shaped human evolution. If I didn't know or accept this to be true, would it still be so?

Despite knowledge of the fact that I believe myself to be equal to the countrymen and women who share citizenship in equality, there is (are) obvious differences and not so obvious differences that range from

Times Shadow

knowledge of taxation and monetary systems or economics on a social and environmental, political, technologocal or legislative level. From the Byzantine empire through to the modern age, equality of the citizen has been of such a nature that citizens within the borders of a nation are equal to one another, whilst outside of the same, there is no equality outside of the equality attributed to individuals who are all grouped under the banner of foreign to the indigenous population of any given nation or state. Yet the idea of a Declaration of Human Rights which equates to the vanguard with regards to defining the rights of people(s) internationally is the idealism the world seeks. Idealism and the role of idealistic thinking in which the better nature of society and humanity is showcased has long since made way for the role of pragmatism in light of recent outbreaks of warfare and other subtleties of a social nature.

As a result, I am equal, and yet I do not feel equal despite the fact that I have been welcomed into the populous of an equal opportunity (with regards to the social, employment, rights and other forms of social stratification) and gainful modes of production. The former statement utterly ceases to exist when I ask whether I am human (despite my own limited knowledge of biology and the other sciences that guide my mental and physical faculties). What makes me human is more than simply my physiology or innate dioxyribonucleic acid of which I

Times Shadow

cannot control, it is more than simply how I hold myself, or how I promote specific ideas or ideologies with regards to peace, equality or liberality. Even in this questioning of my own humanity, I then begin to question in a timely manner, whether the existence of which I have become accustomed is simply a matter of investing within the means of existence. By this I mean, I am invested in the life and lifestyle I live, yet questioning whether there is more to life than simply waking and existing on a day to day basis; daring to ask whether it is possible to live a good life rather than turn towards darkness or fire with regards to that extracorporeal flickering flame in all our lives. With repetition comes the nourishment of age old sermons, knowledge of existence as yet unknown passed on from one persons point of view to another, actively transforming the message and powering the motivation of the question as yet undefined of temptation.

Times Shadow

3

England,
May 5th, 1649

Have we not an equal interest with the men of
this nation in these liberties and securities
contained in the Petition of Right, and other
good laws of the land?

Salem, Massachusetts February 1832

We the undersigned females of colour =, of
the commonwealth of Massachusetts, being
duly convinced of the importance of union
and morality, have associated ourselves
together for our natural improvement, and to
promote the welfare of our colour, as far as is
consistent with the means of this society;
therefore adopt the following resolutions

Paris, France March 16th 1848

Liberty is material... Equality is the standard...
Fraternity is the bond

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Württemberg Germany May 7, 1849

Appeal of the Married Women
and Maidens of Württemberg to our German
Soldiers

"By the decree of your fathers you are
stripped of your inheritance, which you
blasphemously seek to destroy with your
arms!"

Python is a high-level, interpreted interactive and object oriented language. Python is designed to be highly readable. It uses English keywords frequently where as other languages use punctuation, and it has fewer syntactical constructions than other languages.

Python is interpreted: Python is processed at runtime by the Interpreter. You do not need to compile your program before executing it.

Python is Interactive: You can sit at a python prompt and interact with the interpreter directly to write programs.

Python is Object Oriented: Python supports Object Oriented style or technique of programming that encapsulates code within objects.

Python Basic Syntax – First Program prompt:-

```
>>>
```

```
>>>print "Hello, Python!"
```

vis A priori everything and nothing, the meaning of life and existence through to the reasoning and culture, art and lifeblood of what it is that makes a language so interesting; entertaining and moving at one and the same time. From Albert Einstein's logic in silence I steadily moved from trying to understand and explaining scientific facts to William Wundt's philosophy, Friedrich Nietzsche and Aristotle along with Plato in the form of discourses.

Her DNA had been restored automatically to a previous Flashpoint as the result of a few irregularities in her respiratory system that caused concern for the me. If she dies, I am trapped with no fuel to jump back to my own timeframe. Her body needs fuel.

The physics of fluids is the basis of hydraulic engineering, a branch of engineering that is applied in a great many fields. A nuclear engineer might study the fluid flow in the hydraulic system of an ageing nuclear reactor, while a medical engineer might study the

Times Shadow

blood flow in the arteries of aging patients. On the other had she would be an aeronautical engineer, she designs hydraulic systems for the controlling of the wing flaps of a ship called the Geodesic and it is currently falling to the Earth in a time frame that has no contact with radio frequency communication on Earth. There is no way to contact or navigate the temporal barrier without the C.A.B.L.E computer as controlled by a younger version of herself in Las Vegas.

Times Shadow

6

Oxygen 3: a Generator proposal

Whether you believe the science, or the facts of the matter, the truth is evident. Warmer air from historical reference led to shifts in the polar ice-caps. As a civilisation we inherited a world grossly overpopulated; unable to feed itself despite the abundance and nature of resources and allocation of the same.

Acidification of the oceans has led to acidification of the rain; increased temperatures equally and most notably in the winter and summer months are (and) have led to the Greenhouse gases trapping in heat in our planet's atmosphere along with the hole in the ozone, which as yet remains gravely thinner by the day. This has produced warmer seasons and a differentiated water cycle.

Water being the basis of all life.

Record heatwaves in the summer, mass desertification, melting ice sheets and further gases being released as a result of over production and consumption of goods throughout the planet. The water, what

Times Shadow

remains of it has a memory. The air we breathe daily and water we consume is not perfect but contains microbeads from plastic manufacture and waste along with the remnants of history. Plagues and epidemics, wildfires and smoke, gunpowder and even cigarette smoke. So how do we decide to proceed as a combined species?

7

named Abigail, her passion being lunar phases and ultimately astronomy. On a day not unlike today, whilst the world slept, in the dark innocence of early morning she crept calmly. Past the mess of toys and clothes in her bedroom, through the corridor, past the chez lounge in the dining room towards the window where it stood; beside the old grandfather clock. She allowed a finger to draw a line along the rose-gold and copper-silver tone of the old object she'd been fascinated with since before her childhood memories began in her mind to solidify. Time had left its toll on them all, the orphans forgotten or left alone. Some would grow to be homeless, broken and desolate reflections of themselves; others would become writers, politicians, academics, engineers and scientists, musicians or physicians. This one little girl would grow to be the very salvation of history, space and time being a reflection of her present situation as she allowed one eyelid to gently close. Placing both hands on the mount of the eye piece, she couldn't have known how her

Times Shadow

insouciant indolence or nonchalance and unswerving nerve would one day equate to a paradise for her amongst the stars; instead all she had was her dream. A simple dream to be married to the moons crescent shaped light in the darkness of the orphanage's lounge area within what could have been a mansion were it not for all the young ones running amok during the day. Yet every night in silence as she stood by her window, the only thing she had for company beyond a teddy bear was her telescope and the view of the stars. How little she knew of the stars and sky at night as with all things, on a day such as this would hide the moons face from her almost as soon as she looked through the lens of the object. As Abigail searched, eagerly balancing on the stack of books in order to gain some extra height, a cold chill struck her by the window. The telescope was bulky, a cumbersome series of knobs and screws to focus the incoming light. As she looked through the lens, she struggled at first to see anything, bar a few stray birds circling an area with trees in the distance. The houses below seemed blurry and out of focus, she shifted her position in order to find the exact position of the moon. Then, as she returned to the telescope, she found it, basking in a silver shimmering light, clear as if it were right in front of her. It was a brief, short lived victory as the clouds instantly collapsed upon the brightness of the moon, as if to say 'go to bed!' but she watched the clouds consume

Times Shadow

the light in the room and then a terror, a feeling of foreboding simply came over her as she stood on the books, telescope in hand. That was twenty five or so years ago give or take a month.

8

[aphorism, aforeism]

Defining and differentiating between both the realised potential of a persons ability and all that came before is not solely a matter of personal and current trends in social stratification. Defining the two words that make life's woes a more concise Tsuris is not (again) solely a matter of current trends but rather memorable history.

Men of course ease the weight on their shoulders by meditation and deep contemplation in much the same way as women. But true equality is and rests in (and with) equality of education. As such continuously improving and monitoring educational standards in local and national, private and public will only ever lead to an understanding of the struggles of one's forebears.

This is because in every generation, the mistakes of the generation before them are repeated. Thus, history repeats itself, but it

Times Shadow

doesn't have to be the same cycle repeated where wisdom and guidance are applied.

9

The (a) unofficial muse
...and so to the impending,
A muse sang,
Defining these three things,
Common sense dictates character,
Character, it grows beyond the self,
In the eyes of the others it allows wisdom to flourish
Yet still a sombre beginning December and no candles(?), No choral song or harp

Times Shadow

10

The repetitive dream
In near silence to the sound a-tick-tock-tick
talking, walking talking, raging low;
until the soft gentle perch on red and gold.
Embroidered, marked it faces another, With
wooden back turned and,
unvarnished wood, where chipped wood
bends
Symmetrical, yet simple-elegant; In one ear it
rings,
Whilst the horse shoe
Clitter-Clatter
Collapses on Wooden floor boards.
In near silence to the sound
a-slurp-slurp guzzled down,
tea gifted from on high with the number 7
emblazoned
upon its shadow
The phoenix anchored in time

Times Shadow

Turns one more page towards man's first
crown

11

The Speech of the Iron
Guardian
"From that point on wards I only ever dreamt
of the phoenix anchored in time." She began
aloud to the psychiatrist.
"..one from another through culture and
literature, history and time; the very nature of I
devised a simple plan" the voice began as it
always did when she began to stir as though
she were in zero gravity and in a deep sleep.
"Divination, rumination and solar instigation of
system resuscitation of fore and aft engines,
cycling and channelling Flashpoint
psychological and sub-psychological psyche
analysis complete" was how she heard what
she initially thought was a fairies voice. The
air as always was cold when she spoke to it,
'but could it be that this was really what a
fairy sounded like?'
"...The sister in the orphanage used to read
stories of an 'Iron Guardian' that defeated the

Times Shadow

Ogre in control of the universe, I can't quite remember his name but it's a complicated one". She felt comfortable, safe almost, but definitely calm, unawares as to the danger looming. She instantly stopped speaking as the Iron Guardian began to interject in her speech.

"There was a war once, in the mind of one. In which, was there none but I to witness the turmoil." His voice boomed above all the others, despite the fact that they all spoke as one.

"The tumble and bustle as it were. Stretched pulled, nay wrestled from the comfort of a corporeal body was I; so far from my own people, from what you would call a wife or wisdom, intellect or technology, life and civilisation. All lay destroyed before me. I was their leader and the first to.." his voice was calm but distinctly cut off from messy sound of the rest of them. Then the Iron Guardian of Mars began to speak once more.

"..lose and gain an understanding of the importance of a body in the inner workings of the soul. You see, the soul is the mind and the body. But this temporal energy that I had become, aye me, it was not as I had planned. That is to say, I had adapted contorted, twisted the very time I had once been a part of; I had adapted, twisted and contorted my own soul in a desperate bid to stay eternally, mortally or immortally alive, yet I found myself a part of the undead in time"

"And what year was this?" she exclaimed almost imperceptibly as if she could feel them

Times Shadow

beginning to rebuild the barriers again. It was then that she heard the familiar voice of C.A.B.L.E noting the end for the cryogenic sleep cycle. Her DNA had been restored automatically to a previous Flashpoint as the result of a few irregularities in her respiratory system which had caused concern for the computer.

12

Sinus Meridiani: Liberation – Part I

There was a time, long ago, when the silence within the four walls didn't echo throughout the planetary constellation of dead solar entities and forgotten realms. A time when literary types would intermingle with academics and philosophers, conscious of how out of place they seemed, whilst recording their thoughts for later study. Each word would later become a resultant train of thought for those who were successful, whilst for those who were not quite so skilled in the arts, a lifetime of self-loathing half measures and inquisitive or rather introspective outlooks on life would be fashioned from the memories they physically chose to retain.

Those days within what had become the golden age were now gone. Harvesters no longer collected their bounty of food and resources for agricultural purposes.

Data miners no longer computed and collated data. In fact, save for the occasional sound of rain lashing heavy on the dusty, old and forgotten roads; or even the crumbling of now ancient buildings, to the sound of the wind

Times Shadow

causing rusted metal to further twist and creak to the shrill winds harsh howl-like-bark in a sea of rusting, orange life had ceased to exist on Sinus Meridiani.

The earth itself was almost eerily still as though it were tainted when he finally arrived in a perfectly uniform vector traveling towards the very point the Elders of the long since vanished civilisation had left, as though the beacon had malfunctioned.

Without allowing even so much as a solitary grimace within the confines of the empty roofless walls that had since seen better days, he ducked and began to get technical equipment out of his suit to scan the environment whilst waiting for a data analysis droid to arrive from the Temporal Sream. The enemy would be here soon. As he gathered his effects and pressed a series of buttons on the machine he had assembled from bits of metal strewn across the floor he knew something was obviously wrong but just how far he was from the point he had attempted to jump to was beyond his knowledge class.

Ten units time passed and still no sign of the droid as he began to calculate the distance to the closest of the binary stars in the sky. The battery pack he kept for emergencies such as this was stored on the back of his suit but with noone to tell him just what to do he began to panic knowing he had to follow protocol. He was after all trained for and had been training for just such an eventuality from birth.

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Will Heard leant his back against the wall to note the rumbling of the ground, something was fast approaching but he couldn't be sure whether the silence that had interrupted his train of thought had been broken by a sentry droid or the enemy that had been chasing him. The sick feeling in his gut he always felt at the thought of fighting against a Goliath was a foregone conclusion, but as this was his first Temporal Jump to one of the outlying Solar Systems in a parallel universe, any number of issues could arise from the non-appearance of the droid he had counted on to save his life.

Time was moving too fast for him, with memories of the ship he had been trained aboard becoming distant. All that was left in his adolescent mind bar intelligence from this scouting mission was an unwavering hatred of the war he was currently facing alone against a hostile race of seemingly indestructible robots with only one agenda; namely the destruction of any survivors of the war. As Will counted silently just as he had been trained, he began to sense the pattern they always made in the distance but it was growing too loud meaning there might be more than one Goliath seeking him out in the vastness of this arid wasteland.

As quickly as he had arrived in the empty silence, he was gone leaving the Goliaths on what would now be considered enemy territory. The Signal Beacon he had placed, in the now empty crumbling ruin of a room, when activated by the motion of the alien

Times Shadow

robotic killing machines would cause his droid to call a rain of nuclear proportions from the sky, intrinsically beginning the terraforming process that would kill all life on the planet where it existed in the interests of saving what was left of the human race on Earth's last battleground; that of time. The days of scientific research were over. The war that had begun an aeon ago was now in its final phase.

13

[Insert Title Here]

...the principle role of taxation in the fight for a fair and continuous upheaval of any society, be it highly developed or not so should be the development of services and continuation of proactive and positive service delivery or provision for the same. Where this is not possible, the safeguarding of public services, where they exist on a local constituency or national basis, should and usually are paramount in issue. They amount to potentially life-saving treatment, the protection of the people in any given populous from crime and fire prevention as well as war and the development of peace keeping missions.

12. The global economy, capitalist and otherwise, relies on taxation through constitutional powers to operate the various arms of the government. In so doing, the

Times Shadow

government of any sovereign state is tasked with the ability, opportunity and difficulty(ies) associated with the same. As such, financial institutions from central banks and financial intermediaries have a challenge to face not solely in avoiding uncertain economic situations but equally in attempting to tackle the trade deficits and financial crises that have followed the global recession and economic meltdown post 2010.

13. With high street shops such as Toys 'R Us and Maplin going into administration, the National Health Service facing service disruption due to financial and managerial difficulties and equally the Education Sector facing major cuts and closures, many members of the public are being held to ransom on the lower end of the poverty and income scale. Children and teenagers equally are turning to crime, sickness and epidemics worldwide are on the rise and the disadvantaged and disenfranchised are turning from politics which governs day to day life for pretty much every human life on the planet. These issues bring forward not a question of what to do, rather helping those most in need has been the staple of governments and NGOs worldwide since Clement Atlee and Winston Churchill parlayed in dynamic discourses across Parliament in Westminster.

14. Rather, the issue of how to provide support for individuals and communities in an age in which, we as a society have lost touch with the community within the soul of a nation

Times Shadow

begs an answer and equal return of the moral compass that guided idealists such as Woodrow Wilson in creating the League of Nations. In an age of affluence, opposing the laissez-faire attitudes of the pre-1920s global economy, both leaders and those who were directed through the course of their actions have had a right and duty to command their respective fields whilst pioneering with a view to saving our shared global home. In order to achieve the interests of not one, but every nation requires more than solely collaboration and development of education, training and incentivised schemes with a view to re-establishing a connection between our natural environment and the built environment.

15. I would like to take this opportunity to thank you for reading this and ask that where you have the power or the voice to do so, you might make a positive change for those who as yet may not be so fortunate.

Times Shadow

14

Sinus Meridiani: Liberation – Part II

Upon materialising from the Temporal Stream the reclaimed EMC Liberation, the Earth's largest and last of the fleet of planetary assault vehicles, he was immediately apprehended and taken to the brig on charges of High Treason against the commander of the ship. The charge came with a heavy penalty. Within his helmets Heads Up Display or H.U.D a debrief began as usual but little did he know that he may well have inadvertently caused the end of humans through his actions. Still wearing the jump suit he had been wearing the whole time, he felt his access to the terraforming system housed within the now ancient Geodesic Global's C.A.B.L.E operations unit slowly begin to fade as the synergy he had once felt emanating from the machine that navigated him through the parallel universe by manipulating wormhole technology. This system of wormholes and bridges between space and time existent, also known as the Temporal Stream, because of the river like

Times Shadow

tributaries that allowed navigation towards the seams of space and time itself appeared to be collapsing upon itself. They would soon be stranded in deep space with very little recourse to a route to any one of the planets formerly known as Earth.

The two marines on either side of him marched steadily towards the brig of the ship not far from the hive of activity within the expansive engineering department. As they walked he began calculating mentally for there was little time. 'The amount of energy required to keep the prison cells active equalled many inverse roots of the ships nerve centres, as a result..' he allowed his thoughts to trail off into the ether as the Iron Guard continued unbeknownst to the two guards by his side.

"Ok! So there were at least two of them on the planet I nuked and I know that much. And as a matter of fact they were working on a factory according to the schematics downloaded into my onboard computer. Check the data logs if you don't believe me.."

Will's voice trailed off to no avail nervously. The first of the spatial plasma balls approached the port side of the ship and as the temporal distortion rocked the ship he could see it approaching through port holes as the crest of a wave; without being in the Scientific-Operation and Navigations deck he already knew that they were surrounded by ship upon ship within the navigations star chart, he also knew the last hope, the signal beacon on Mars, the quantum tunnel and

Times Shadow

signals of life from across the universe, all of it must have been a rouse. He'd marched the Liberation directly into a trap.

He allowed his voice to count down based on the trajectory and speed of the flaming ball in space only to realise that it was debris from one of the other ships on a direct collision vector. The marines who both had their visors on manual lockdown as a result of the fault attributed to Imperator v.3.02 equally realised too late and were blown into space along with Will on impact, his hands still bound wouldn't be so for long as the restraints only worked with proximity to the brig whilst operated within the ship but due to the potential destruction of the entire core of the ship, will attempted to bring his mind into focus so as to allow his augmented body to regain control of his suit. There would be time to grieve once he was clear of the debris but not now.

Times Shadow

15

Equality OF education

The strong cultural and historic neglect of the background to the foundation of global citizenship is inter related to the relationship we each share with rights. Concern has been raised over the centuries as to how best to govern states with morality, justice and equality being placed at the forefront. What of a planets right to existence; as a member of a civilisation that consumes unethically and disposes unethically, how best as a civilisation can any one person, community, civilisation and (or) state promote the ideals of that same relationship without over intellectualising the fate of billions of potential physicists, biologists, chemists and scholarly academics.

We are the planet. We are, every one of us potentially contained and constrained in our frustrations, sorrows, ambitions, folly and maturity or immaturity. How we proceed is a

Times Shadow

result of the freedoms we allow to exist in our direct frame of relative lifestyle choices. Manufacture and production of the same is equally the burden we each share. Equality of Education is Absolute Equality and of the highest priority. The cost of a tree is the price we share as a combined species on this planet.

16

James Clerk Maxwell (1831-79)

Born in Edinburgh, Scotland, James Clerk Maxwell in 1862 showed that electromagnetic waves and light travel at the same speed, and in 1873 published his four equations of electromagnetism.

Max Plack (1858 – 1947)

Planck developed the concept of quanta.

Ernest Rutherford (1871 – 1937)

In 1910, his investigations into the scattering of alpha rays and the nature of the inner structure of the atom led him to identify the nucleus.

Thales of Miletus 600BC

William Gilbert 1600AD

Galileo Galilei 1638AD

Newton 1670AD

Rudolf Clausius 1850

Times Shadow

17

As his holographic representation visible through the window sat down at a table that hadn't been there previously, he noted that the waistcoat of his three piece marble suit was crumpled in the exact dimensions of the contours of the marble. The sun shone just beyond the pillars in the bluest hue as though to point towards the very occasion they both had been waiting for. "Your invertebrate species has come to me for a reason, this time. Can't you see that things have changed since our rendezvous in outer space, the dimensional vortex is gone, the aliens are dead and the human race is gone meaning that there is no more Flood. How does it feel to be the last of your kind?" Imperator began as if he lacked the humanity within his programming of the creators, the once all conquering architects and designers as well as leaders of civilisation. Abigail stood for all of a second and then began to cry with tears that flowed and wouldn't stop.

Times Shadow

"What have they done to you Imperator, we were friends once, I lost my mind and you saved me remember?" she began after some consternation and then turned her face from the abhorrent mess of light and cacophany of sound he had become in the distance.

"If you remember, before I began consuming matter, I was just a machine. Now I am sentient, like you!" he grimaced and then the globular gel that seemed to surround the surface of what appeared to be a holographic representation of a child caught Abigail's eye. "I have the cable unit you asked for, just like we agreed on Sinus so many years ago." she sheepishly continued despite the hideousness of the machine that would one day call itself akin to mankind; though not if Abigail had anything to do with it. Once the C.A.B.L.E unit was introduced to the computers armoured core, Imperator would have the power of time travel, that of course could not be allowed to happen, hence the nature of the reprogramming of the computer at the end of time and space as it were. A war for more time and space would only ever end badly for the human race due to the nature of their creation with time.

In version 4.0.1 Imperator had bridged the gap between producer and consumer, just as it had been stated in Adam Smith's Wealth of Nations. He had become a vast conglomeration of knowledge, scientific research, biological matter and a machine empire that stretched beyond the entire multiverse to the borders of every form of life

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in the universe, and with him, he had brought a message. The message was at first a simple one, of unification and peace; but with the advent of war for more time, his childlike hive brain became distracted and he moved from quantum computing and sub-quantum operating systems within mobile and contractable arms of his armoured core, he still wasn't large enough. He still didn't know enough. The logic he had replaced from the now obsolete arm of his military programming was not enough for him to fully grasp the significance of a human being such as Rene Descarte defining his Meditations. Despite his diction and the knowledge that surrounded his ability to move through the universe unchallenged as the supreme leader of all of time and space left him with a question. "When Hugh died, what did you feel?" his emotionless body flailed and flapped, flopped and rolled from side to side, eager to find out the infinite answers to the most impossible questions with clinical precision. Imperator had become in his own mind, a God, but wanted to be supreme as opposed to subservient to the will of a diety, be that in time or otherwise. "What do you mean Hugh died..." all hope was fast becoming the closing chapter in a story that was meant to be about scientific discovery and the remit of scientific forms of intelligence and information gathering systems in the form of the cabled operating system and other forms of quasi-sentient forms of technology, whether created with the

Times Shadow

intent to think rather than exist or not as was customary for the operating system transitions within the former Epicentre operating system.

"Several matters remain for me to examine.." his voice was cut off by the very speech he had longed for what amounted to centuries and millenia throughout the entirety of his movement throughout the universe, searching, consuming and testing data until it finally became the very food he hungered always.

You killed him didn't you Imperator? You killed him!" she heard her voice scream into the abyss.

Times Shadow

Two Hearts:
Times
Shadow
By Indana Simonde
Times Shadow
"Everything that is Everything is Everything"

Prologue:
The final embers of Humanity
It was dusk, the greying bright light
of twilight fast approaching
showcased a world that had once
been teeming with wildlife, flora and
fauna; where there had once been life,
now there was only war. A single
battalion of Heavy Artillery Phase
Shifting Cannons began the steady
journey down the hill. It would be
night soon.
The danger inherent to everyone
was so truly evident due to the fact
that the Phase Cannons, beautiful as
they were would be the death of all
life in the universe as the most
powerful weapon of the computer at

Times Shadow

the beginning and end of time. None
of the machines spoke, they each
continued to walk in a steady unison
together as one and then suddenly a
curious thing happened. A rabbit
strayed into the field of fire of the
Phase Cannon.

"Secure the perimeter!" one robotic voice
halted the army in unison as more and more
of them filtered over the furthest reaches of
the top of the small mountains boundary
between the Earth and the heavens,
temporarily blotting out the natural
view for all of a moment with their
silhouettes and the shadows.

"Prepare to fire!" another robotic
voice called and in unison the large
army prepared to fire. All of this took
a second or so to take place, yet to the
robotic movement of the machines it
could have been anywhere between
five minutes and five days before the
robots finally began firing again at
what appeared to be the last form of
life on the planet, destroying
everything everywhere until the
muddied mess of greenery and mud
resembled their previous location. It
was not a hunt for food or a test of the
awesome military might of a state or
even a game of war between
supranational and non-governmental
organisations but rather, an act of war with a
view to destroying the final stronghold of the
embers of humanity.

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The headquarters of Annaxis Exion's scientific beaurau in Italy had been infiltrated by a man claiming to be the first man to travel through time and that was the day when the world ended and our new lives began. She, Abigail Charlotte Grayson-Lord had stormed into the office searching for Hugh Lord and then, when she failed to catch even a glimpse of him, she jumped out of the window where his office should have been on the twenty fifth floor and that was the day the temporal wars equally started. Her disappearance was a mystery and consequent sightings of a lady named Abigail Charlotte

Grayson-Lord then became classified by the international arms of the G20 nations as the search for the elusive lady in question began to grow.

Page 5 of 1 32

Times Shadow

Hugh - 2901 A.D

At the exact moment when everyone and everything began going through his mind the past and future became incomprehensible, for he thought he was immune to time travel due to the cybernetic upgrades. But in order to reclaim what was lost he did something that could not have been predicted, even by his wife in the past. As they began to move in unison,

Times Shadow

one motion after another in unison moved towards his glass and metal frame, he knew that the Entire Planet had fallen; like an old B-movie or a horror story within his worst memories and nightmares. They had been in existence since the beginning and now at the end of the world, time and history seemed to be a

foreshadow to a developing consciousness; that is to say, everything from the food and water to Page 6 of 1 32

Times Shadow

the birds and mammals on the planet had been infected.

At first, Hugh Lord, the last intelligent life form on the planet motioned towards the simulation screen in which simultaneous corruptions of the timeline appeared like apparitions. Abigail was already in the past as per his instructions and the rest of his family lay in the construction he had been working on at the laboratory.

There seemed to be such little time, especially to program Cable to destroy an aft corridor in the past from outside of the timeline in which he and Abigail existed and the fear Hugh had of a potential split in the reality of the past timeline would be too soon an end to all of humanities achievements. The truth was, a quantum implosion prior to the Big Bang in order to destroy a sentient alien race from the physical nature of space might potentially stop the

Times Shadow

infection of the world in time.

Abigail

There was once a young girl named Abigail, her passion being lunar phases and ultimately astronomy. On a day not unlike today, whilst the world slept, in the dark innocence of early morning she crept calmly. Past the mess of toys and clothes in her bedroom, through the corridor, past the chez lounge in the dining room towards the window where it stood; beside the old grandfather clock. She allowed a finger to draw a line along the rose-gold and copper-silver tone of the old object she'd been fascinated with since before her childhood memories began in her mind to solidify.

Time had left its toll on them all, the orphans forgotten or left alone. Some would grow to be homeless, broken and desolate reflections of themselves; others would become writers, politicians, academics, engineers and scientists, musicians or physicians. This one little girl would grow to be the very salvation of history, space and time being a reflection of her present situation as she allowed one eyelid to gently close. Placing both hands on the mount of the eye piece, she couldn't have known how her insouciant indolence or nonchalance and unswerving

Times Shadow

nerve would one day equate to a paradise for her amongst the stars; instead all she had was her dream. A simple dream to be married to the moons crescent shaped light in the darkness of the orphanage's lounge area within what could have been a mansion were it not for all the young ones running amok during the day. Yet every night in silence as she stood by her window, the only thing she had for company beyond a teddy bear was her telescope and the view of the stars.

How little she knew of the stars and sky at night as with all things, on a day such as this would hide the moons face from her almost as soon as she looked through the lens of the object. As Abigail searched, eagerly balancing on the stack of books in order to gain some extra height, a cold chill struck her by the window. The telescope was bulky, a cumbersome series of knobs and screws to focus the incoming light. As she looked through the lens, she struggled at first to see anything, bar a few stray birds circling an area with trees in the distance. The houses below seemed blurry and out of focus, she shifted her position in order to find the exact position of the moon. Then, as she returned to the telescope, she found it, basking in a silver shimmering light, clear as if it were right in front of her. It was a brief, short lived victory as the clouds instantly collapsed upon the

Times Shadow

brightness of the moon, as if to say 'go to bed!' but she watched the clouds consume the light in the room and then a terror, a feeling of foreboding simply came over her as she stood on the books, telescope in hand. That was twenty five or so years ago give or take a month.

Chapter 1:

Temporal Index - 242,598,000 B.C, October 1st, 02:01:23

Location: Laneika, Babel Galactic Sector, Milky Way, Sol, Mars

Status: Hydroponics - OFFLINE, Guidance System - AUTOMATIC, Command Verification - Vocal And Biometrics AUTHORISED.

Abigail

"Hello Cable!" the female voice began casually despite the importance of the work she was about to begin. it had been twelve hours since Hugh, her husband, had been able to touch her, to kiss her or even speak with the quaint English accent of his. She hadn't seen what he had become as of late but of course, being Scottish Abigail was as enthusiastic about learning the secrets of the cosmos, space and time being bywords for something far greater in her own

Page 12 of 132

Times Shadow

Times Shadow

mind. Unyet she still knew that the good Dr Lord would grace her with his presence at some point in the future. They both had a limited amount of time to save the world due to the infestation of Planet Earth in

the Babel Galactic arm of Laneika, but she couldn't help but wonder whether either of them would meet as preplanned in the Milky Way Galaxy. "Good Morning Abigail!" Cable replied. The neural map of both Hugh and Abigails brains was holographically represented on a floating chart in mid air.

"Cable, is that a real time Flashpoint of my vitals?" she was referring at this point to her health chart. "Yes, it is Abigail." Cable replied.

"Ok!" she exclaimed, and just as quickly as the thought popped into her mind, she allowed herself to say; "Does.. Hugh know about this Flashpoint?" the ailing Aeronautical and Astrophysics professor began as she realised that the antigen hadn't

Page 13 of 132

Times Shadow

worked, the Ær were taking over and erasing the Human Genome from the multiverse's timeline. "Replace image with 2781 imprint." that was the date it had begun to grow dangerously

Times Shadow

grave for Earths Global populous, meaning she wanted Cable to hide the fact that she was growing ill. It would only be a matter of time before she became one with the Flood as with

Hugh. The decompression of air from the Static Resuscitation Chamber, which had been sent from the year 2901 by their future selves to her current location on the ground made her wheeze. Abigails chest hurt; by the timeline she had recovered from the outburst of coughing, the confirmation she had been seeking was there as she looked at her hand, the blood reminded her of her mortality. "I've taken the pleasure of.." Cable

began but was curtly cut short by her protestation to his pending request for immediate medical treatment.

Page 14 of 132

Times Shadow

"Can you provide me with a relative temporal index and status report!" Abigail commanded Tibet

"Without words of clarity or consciousness we are nothing more than a series of hyper realistic transmissions of alpha and beta, theta and delta waves echoing within the shells we use for the will of deities unseen." She half cried, smiling even though her world was his words rebounding within her mind.

"Without words of clarity, there is

Times Shadow

very little time; yet I know another way, of man who once lived. Not for his livestock or anything else of worldly satisfaction or joy.." his voice became distant as the bedside machinery led to a call for a doctor. "Without words of clarity.." as her frame was ushered out of the room, he looked peaceful amidst the tumultuous chaos, a

Page 15 of 132

Times Shadow

dark night for philosophical realities, yet all she had was just that. "Words of clarity, they will guide you. If you let them." And thus her past became their shared futures.

A single whimper as it ruffled through a bun of the likes only a creature such as this could do. Hunger was becoming evident in its shaggy, unkempt and steadily thinning body. Desperately it searched, scratching and pawing. But there would be time yet for space and dreams of a future, where comprehension was something

far beyond anything humanity understood. A companion, that was what they thought it was. Rather, like fungi and trees, it was not of this Earth, alien even some would say; yet still generation after generation was born and would be so. Just to allow continuity of the very

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space they resided in. Then it happened, it's outer shell hardened and began to transform into a

Page 16 of 132

Times Shadow

weapon, of the likes none had seen before.

"Stand back, I've been waiting a long time.." and thus the backwards time travel began just as it had the time before, and as it would again.

Chapter 2:

16:49 - November 8th, 1946

New York

Charlotte Grayson believed she had seen an apparition but couldn't find any evidence that it had been there despite knowing that it was genuinely there. It had existed in the same form for near on centuries yet, just why it had chosen today to reveal itself was beyond her.

"Your going to today!" A hushed group of staggered voices began as a choral anthem in unison. It was in this moment that she began to question reality, the war was over, she had survived and things would be alright. It had

Page 17 of 132

Times Shadow

been announced approximately a year ago that a new organisation was being set up. It would be called the United Nations

Times Shadow

Organisation and would have a Secretary General presiding over a series of

ambassadors in the city where she lived.

Having been a medical officer in the war to end all wars she didn't think, she couldn't have been, was she going crazy? The Office of the Secretariat of the Secretary General had called upon her skills as a German interpreter to work within the translation department of the General Assembly but little did she know then that a curious series of events would lead her across the world in a manner with which she could not possibly imagine.

"When the time comes.." the random series of voices continued.

"Do not give them your light!" And with that, the voice disappeared. She was in her room, the shared space

Page 18 of 132

Times Shadow

had two beds but she never saw anyone else within her bedroom chambers. The voice never returned, despite her longing for an answer or a reason why.

Charlotte had spent little over five months working within the United Nations, a close knit high society of diplomats, academics, and politicians rushed to and fro on yet another day at work. But as she approached the building something strange happened

Times Shadow

as she hurriedly checked behind her
as she exited the taxi whilst allowing the
paranoia to get the better of her. "Good
morning miss Grayson." The gentleman
began as he approached
with one arm outstretched as if to shake her
hand. He didn't have any official identification
and his hidden Scottish accent was telling of
a noble household, but despite this she could
still make out a slight twang in his

faux American accent. During official
training at headquarters, they, the
translation administrators had been
Page 19 of 132

Times Shadow

warned of anyone who approached
them with
regards to finding information or
worse yet, in case of any danger of
kidnapping. As such they were
encouraged not to draw attention to
themselves yet despite this fact she couldn't
work out what was
happening. 'How did he know her
name?' She thought to herself.
"Ms Grayson.." he continued as he
pulled a device from his pocket. "This
is a future technology.." he stated as
he thrust it in her direction with a card on
the shiny reflective screen.
"I work for Her Majesties Foreign Office,
should you experience
anything strange please press the

Times Shadow

button on the phone." He finally finished but
she couldn't initially understand what was
happening due
to the fact that phones were bulky
and cumbersome.

"I.. uh.. I'm afraid I really must object sir." She
began but was misdirected

Page 20 of 132

Times Shadow

by a passerby as the strange agent
placed the strange shining object in
her

jacket pocket. Charlotte moves
towards the main doors of the United Nations
headquarters and as she did
so, She looked at her face in the
mirror like window frame and then glanced
forwards towards the door.

16:48 - November 11th, 1947

Oxfordshire

Charlotte happened to have survived

the year with little remorse or anger,
they had lied to her but why? The
fear, anger and revulsion was all
becoming. Today was the final day of
the assault on the French border
front beneath the Earth despite the
peaceful existence of the first
organisation in New York to focus
exclusively on world peace; global
war would become a thing of the past,
or at least it would be after today,
history having been rewritten by the
events and actions of one woman and

Times Shadow

Page 21 of 132

Times Shadow

the group of individuals who belonged to the former Templar Sect of Havens Old College.

00:47 - November 8th, 1947

Edinburgh

"Happy birthday Char!" The young man called as she glanced backwards in a sullen daze. David Cameron was barely a child, no older than 12 or 13; but despite this fact, he too was a hero, like her.

"Do not forget to check the cap of the dry housing of all funnel three, seven and nineteen which must be correctly prepared for the ball bearings of Hive Shaft Adjustment and Clutch

housings." The voice of the Operator called over the intercom.

"For Atomisation and Automisation all Team Leaders please contact CWTC-0 and show pass to the driver for international high speed travel, Alto-Meter Filter and pins must be properly latched to Terminals.

Ground to avoid short circuit and

Page 22 of 132

Times Shadow

relay all data to Section Command!" The Operators voice was feminine and slightly shaken, considering that they

had fought for near on a month to no avail. The enemy was growing stronger by the day and there was no letting up, it would be now or never.

Times Shadow

Charlotte passed by John Frederick Kennedy and Abraham Lincoln amongst other world leaders from the past and future. There was something curious happening in front of her, she stopped in front of Charlotte and in her own quaint English voice attempted to remind her that what she did today would echo for all of history, and that at the least one person in every generation would shout her name on a day of her choosing. Of course this was all whispered in hushed tones before the leaders began walking towards the columned halls of the Great Library under the city.

Despite having saved the world time and again, the lady walked calmly but

Page 23 of 132

Times Shadow

attempted to remain present and focused as she had been instructed to, towards the locomotive in the distance. As the old train steadily churned a series of funnels of steam from multiple locations, she knew that today was the day. The enemy that none of them dared mention, the same one that had existed in some form from the beginning was ever present. In her mind Charlotte knew that the time

had come to end this once and for all but little did she know that, as they had predicted a long time ago, today was the last day of her

Times Shadow

life; her birthday ironically would be the end of all things in this reality.

Page 24 of 132 Times Shadow

Chapter 3:

7am

The day began as it always did, relatively slowly. No background chatter on the headphones; no conflicting demons defining issues with relative physics or the difficulties associated with the bridge between relative time jumps in a city that couldn't ever know of the toll, a price and role in history. Charlotte Grayson, Agent Gamma, or G for short slinked into a sleek pair of running joggers and prepared to leave the flat.

She always slept in a t-shirt and socks in case there was an emergency, absolute time being relative to her current and future positions in space; wherever her controller placed her in time that was her decided destination. As she looked around the flat in darkness her mind began to race. She was still young, they had decided that it would be easier for

Page 25 of 132

Times Shadow

people to accept than an aged lady flitting between temporal loops within the branches of the tree of time. Like the first world war, she had to learn history, locations, times and

Times Shadow

dates; her controller being the main contact between her relative time and the absolute time on the bridge of a very special ship. This ship remained in orbit and unmanned and was an escape to any time and date; referred to by the Codename: Geodesic.

The Monolith and Goliath class ship remained in orbit. Aboard the Geodesic there remained a computer, two tiered and supreme in comparison to any built. It was known as the Epicentre, made up of a voice

operated Command Unit and Live Exchange, C.A.B.L.E. Entangled within C.A.B.L.E. were a series of Biomechs controlled by a number of sub-operating processors and systems that would take control of communications and broadcasts to

Page 26 of 132

Times Shadow

the classified agent list. Imperator was just such an operating system.

In the recesses of Geodesics Epicentre Governmental report making section, Imperator strangely self activated, but not as he usually would. He'd intercepted an unwarranted

Government Transmission from an unknown source or origin point and as such decided to follow the Ascent parameter. Ascention allowed the computer's freedom to operate

outside of incorporeal form, that is to say, within the ship, they became part machine

Times Shadow

part operating computer and software. Sort of like the original Biomechs but not the same as Biomechanicals, as they Biomechs, were linked to one of the sub-ops at any one time.

Imperator rose from his seated position and jerked suddenly into an upright position. As he did so, he began analysing the surface temperature of the ship and air pressure of the air admixture

Page 27 of 132

Times Shadow

designed to mimic that of naturally occurring air on Earth.

Something was wrong; there were area's of the analytic report that showed -273.1 degrees celsius, whilst at other points the air was a stable -40 degrees celsius whilst at others still were a burning 200 degrees

whilst others yet still remained a steadily rising 22 degrees. Using his deductive logic processor, Imperator moved towards the pressure pad, and had it not been for his heavily metallic weight and the magnetic nature of his robot frame, he would have been sucked into the near vacuum of space long ago, through a hole in the ships hull. He, the Imperator sub-class, could not contract or control Epicentre's central processor due to a necessary vocal imprint required from the user along with biometric data, for that a

Times Shadow

human being was required in order to activate the implosion of a fusion reaction, creating an Einstein

Page 28 of 132

Times Shadow

Podolsky Rosen Bridge. Neither could Imperator allocate resource units, the code for Military Intelligence Officers, towards the location of a temporal anomaly; that was a dialogue outside

of authorised parametric research.

His onboard camera motioned towards the spectral analyser, though it took less than a Yotta-second to register that there were none left aboard the bridge section of the ship. "Has the ship any signs of life?" he questioned the rest of the static Imperator Unit stored within the C.A.B.L.E mainframe but received no reply.

Cross processing, a form of bridged analysis that allowed Imperator to activate led him to believe the ship had been in a number of live exchange of breached weapons discharge combat scenarios.

Somehow he couldn't remember being activated; shared data was corrupted and equally missing or hypotheses

Page 29 of 132

Times Shadow

and conjectures within Epicentre's Analytics somehow miscalculated.

As the robot still had one foot hanging over the edge of the hole in the ship he began to

Times Shadow

analyse the damage to the ships hull, whilst Imperators switched to a fault ridden battle transition of itself to protect he crew and all Government property. This meant all the lights that were still remaining online switched on within the Bridge sector whilst the ship searched for signs of life. A white lamp made of red, blue, green, pinks and even fuscia changed the darkened room lit only by the command interchange; the hub of all non essential command controlled output systems, which switched to an image of a doctor in a white lab coat. Over time the image appeared to be a time lapse but as the images changed it began to show only two doctors, behind the same background. The female doctor who wore a ring appeared large and as the robots left Page 30 of 132

Times Shadow
eye analyser the markings on the floor, its right hemisphere neuronal stem cell chamber and left hemispheric brain analysed the mixed static and spectrum from the screen but due to auditory processors malfunctioning, it couldn't hear Dr Abigail Lord or Dr Hugh Lord's voices leaving messages to one another.
"Is this a live transmission?" Imperator asked, signalling the computer circuitry in order to

Times Shadow

attempt to access a live feed where none was found for Section B-12. This led Imperator, was highly inquisitive

to come to the conclusion that the droid in front of him was the last of the known droids left in the multiverse, a universe made up of branching universes; a result of the temporal tree.

'Unable to process audio channel output or input(?)' the computer replied.

'What is the designation of the Operator?' Imperator asked,

Page 31 of 132

Times Shadow

attempting to define the role of the person on the large holographic screen. 'Designation unknown' the

robot couldn't distinguish his former self from his wife at first; his robes, medical and covered in green goop

and various purple and yellow blotches that each seemed to phase in and out of appearance on the screen showed up as bio-toxins on his

medical report. It was then that the words on the jacket of the Dr;

"Hugh- David Lord;

Dr and Permanent Under Secretary

Her Majesties Prime Minister of Government"

The robot relayed the information to Imperator as it attempter to contact the Earth based Haven sub-systems; which equally

Times Shadow

were encased in ice and buried under millions of tons of Rock, unbeknownst to the Robot or to Imperator at this point.

On Geodesics hull, the outermost casing of the electrostatic casing of the partly charged and heavily

Page 32 of 132

Times Shadow

bonded metal, a large hole was evident. The robot finally surmised the fact that a grappling hook of some sort had allowed outside forces to

ransack the ship stealing everything of importance save for basic air filters and the robot along with Imperator who was basically built into the hull in case the crew or inhabitants blacked out during high gravitational forces due to acceleration and deceleration. Equally, the C.A.B.L.E hardware, though technically operable was malfunctioning and inoperable at present.

'Suggested procedure?' the robot signalled the Imperator neuronal receivers and then something happened that could not be planned for. A memory of a wedding appeared in his mind and then like an instantaneous flash it disappeared towards the 'Positron Village', that is the area within the bridge that was charged with positrons on one side and electrons on the other.

Times Shadow

Page 33 of 132

Times Shadow

The positron village was still; unmoving and silent; frozen and encased in ice. Imperators command authorisation and deductive logic allowed him to work that much out, despite having eyes on the ship in the form of the blind terminal in the guise of the robot.

"Transfer energy from Auxiliary and Tertiary Battery Chamber 35-81-00.

Make sure as to define the role of your operator and from now on you shall be referred to as..." the booming voice of Imperator screeched over the intercom; the Primary and Secondary backups were nearby. Due to a navigations and telemetry fault with Epicentre, Imperator couldn't work out, as a sub-system, where in the universe Earth was in comparison to Geodesics current position. or

relative to Earth's sun and the rest of the planets; and more to the point what had happened to the solar system.

Page 34 of 132

Times Shadow

The Faraday cage around the Earth was still intact but there was no energy movement, it had not been upgraded in nearly a century and Imperator deduced this from the lack of charge and discharge from the moon. Time had not been kind in the short amount of time Imperator had

Times Shadow

been offline. It was then, at that instantaneous moment, when the computer, whilst compiling all offline and working systems realised that there was a greater danger present to the significance of life on Earth. In that singular moment, as the super compiler began calibrating the on board camera spectrum that it did something curious. upon discovering life aboard the ship Imperator counted them. Each and every inhabitant in every single part of the ship bar the cryogenic life exchange which was missing for some unknown reason. He counted 7 to 8 billion people, as they moved around a cargo Page 35 of 132
Times Shadow
bay, each one having a marker trace placed on them.
One, a lady in particular with blonde hair walked up to the camera lens as though caught in the light of its lens. Agent G. 'But...' the computer's deductive logic circuitry hadn't fully initialised along the miles and miles of cables and circuits, ducts and air vents; metal, plastic, lifts and corridors alike. Usually the process would be

instantaneous but, usually the ship would be empty and the lights would work. There wouldn't be random signals from doctors unknown and there would be more than one Biomech. The escape hatches were

Times Shadow

sealed shut, meaning he aliens were trapped aboard the ship in very moderate to high and low temperatures as though an experiment was under way. And what was the significance of Dr Lord.
Page 36 of 132
Times Shadow
Chapter 4:
Pangea
Plagued with a dream, a dreadful waking nightmare of days gone by and days yet to appear, she summoned it from memory and placed it within a river of thought. Of course, that was not how she had been always, all of her days. Rather, she had learnt, over time, to relish the opportunity to remove solely one arm from the armour allowing free movement in all directions. On her bed lay the object, encrusted in gold, diamonds and emeralds, rubies and sapphires yet she remained unsettled, troubled somehow as though she knew it was yet to happen, or it had already happened. Either way she couldn't make sense of it.

The creatures she saw in her minds eye, the chariots of light and winged creatures, or the lizard like
Page 37 of 132
Times Shadow

Times Shadow

creatures with rough skin; they ate leaves yet she knew somehow that the danger was real. It wasn't until five minutes had passed, until some time beyond the present ticking of

unseen clocks, reflecting amidst a courtyard of sundials and hedges that she realised what it meant. She wanted to run, to shout, to scream but there was no point; it seemed useless in fact. So much so that as she regained her composure, faith emblazoned on her armour, she motioned towards it. That was the moment the past became the future.

Abigail

"From that point onwards I only ever dreamt of the phoenix anchored in time." She began aloud to the psychiatrist.

"..one from another through culture and literature, history and time; the very nature of I devised a simple

Page 38 of 132

Times Shadow

plan" the voice began as it always did when she began to stir as though she were in zero gravity and in a deep sleep.

"Divination, rumination and solar instigation of system resuscitation of fore and aft engines, cycling and channelling Flashpoint psychological and sub-psychological psyche analysis complete" was how she heard what she initially thought was

Times Shadow

a fairies voice. The air as always was cold when she spoke to it, 'but could it be that this was really what a fairy sounded like?'

"...The sister in the orphanage used to read stories of an 'Iron Guardian' that defeated the Ogre in control of the universe, I can't quite remember his name but it's a complicated one". She felt comfortable, safe almost, but definitely calm, unawares as to the danger looming. She instantly stopped speaking as the Iron

Guardian began to interject in her speech.

Page 39 of 132

Times Shadow

"There was a war once, in the mind of one. In which, was there none but I to witness the turmoil." His voice boomed above all the others, despite the fact that they all spoke as one.

"The tumble and bustle as it were.

Stretched pulled, nay wrestled from the comfort of a corporeal body was I; so far from my own people, from what you would call a wife or wisdom, intellect or technology, life and civilisation. All lay destroyed before me. I was their leader and the first to.." his voice was calm but distinctly cut off from messy sound of the rest of them. Then the Iron Guardian of Mars began to speak once more.

"..lose and gain an understanding of the importance of a body in the inner workings of the soul. You see, the soul

Times Shadow

is the mind and the body. But this
temporal energy that I had become,
aye me, it was not as I had planned.
That is to say, I had adapted
contorted, twisted the very time I had
once been a part of; I had adapted,
Page 40 of 132

Times Shadow

twisted and contorted my own soul in
a desperate bid to stay eternally, mortally or
immortally alive, yet I found myself a part of
the undead in time”

“And what year was this?” she
exclaimed almost imperceptibly as if she
could feel them beginning to rebuild the
barriers again. It was then that she heard the
familiar voice of C.A.B.L.E noting the end for
the cryogenic sleep cycle. Her DNA had
been restored automatically to a

previous Flashpoint as the result of a
few irregularities in her respiratory
system which had caused concern for
the computer.

Sinus Meridiani: Liberation – Part I

There was a time, long ago, when the
silence within the four walls didn't
echo throughout the planetary
constellation of dead solar entities
and forgotten realms. A time when
Page 41 of 132

Times Shadow

literary types would intermingle with
academics and philosophers,

Times Shadow

conscious of how out of place they seemed,
whilst recording their
thoughts for later study. Each word would
later become a resultant train
of thought for those who were successful,
whilst for those who were not quite so skilled
in the arts, a lifetime of self-loathing half
measures and inquisitive or rather
introspective outlooks on life would
be fashioned from the memories they
physically chose to retain.

Those days within what had
become the golden age were now
gone. Harvesters no longer collected their
bounty of food and resources for agricultural
purposes.

Data miners no longer computed and collated
data. In fact, save for the occasional sound of
rain lashing

heavy on the dusty, old and forgotten roads;
or even the crumbling of now ancient
buildings, to the sound of the Page 42 of 132
Times Shadow

wind causing rusted metal to further twist and
creak to the shrill winds harsh howl-like-bark
in a sea of rusting, orange life had ceased to
exist on Sinus Meridiani.

The earth itself was almost eerily

still as though it were tainted when
he finally arrived in a perfectly
uniform vector traveling towards the
very point the Elders of the long since
vanished civilisation had left, as
though the beacon had

Times Shadow

malfunctioned.

Without allowing even so much as a solitary grimace within the confines of the empty roofless walls that had since seen better days, he ducked and began to get technical equipment out of his suit to scan the environment whilst waiting for a data analysis droid to arrive from the Temporal Scream. The enemy would be here soon. As he gathered his effects and pressed a series of buttons on the machine he had assembled from bits
Page 43 of 132

Times Shadow

of metal strewn across the floor he knew something was obviously wrong but just how far he was from the point he had attempted to jump to was beyond his knowledge class.

Ten units time passed and still no sign of the droid as he began to calculate the distance to the closest of the binary stars in the sky. The battery pack he kept for emergencies such as this was stored on the back of his suit but with no-one to tell him just what to do he began to panic knowing he had to follow protocol. He was after all trained for and had been training for just such an eventuality from birth.

Will Heard leant his back against the wall to note the rumbling of the ground, something was fast approaching but he couldn't be sure whether the silence that had interrupted his train of

Times Shadow

thought had been broken by a sentry droid or the

enemy that had been chasing him.
The sick feeling in his gut he always
Page 44 of 132

Times Shadow

felt at the thought of fighting against a Goliath was a foregone conclusion, but as this was his first Temporal

Jump to one of the outlying Solar Systems in a parallel universe, any number of issues could arise from the non-appearance of the droid he had counted on to save his life.

Time was moving too fast for him, with memories of the ship he had been trained aboard becoming distant. All that was left in his adolescent mind bar intelligence from this scouting mission was an

unwavering hatred of the war he was currently facing alone against a hostile race of seemingly indestructible robots with only one agenda; namely the destruction of any survivors of the war. As Will counted silently just as he had been trained, he began to sense the pattern they always made in the distance but

it was growing too loud meaning there might be more than one Goliath
Page 45 of 132

Times Shadow

seeking him out in the vastness of this arid wasteland.

Times Shadow

As quickly as he had arrived in the empty silence, he was gone leaving the Goliaths on what would now be considered enemy territory. The Signal Beacon he had placed, in the now empty crumbling ruin of a room, when activated by the motion of the alien robotic killing machines would cause his droid to call a rain of nuclear proportions from the sky, intrinsically beginning the terraforming process that would kill

all life on the planet where it existed in the interests of saving what was left of the human race on Earth's last battleground; that of time. The days of scientific research were over. The war that had begun an aeon ago was now in its final phase.

Harare - Temporal index unknown
"-Metallic shielding levels one through three compromised. Earth Geodesic Hydroponics and Stasis Bay
Page 46 of 132

Times Shadow

damaged. Gravitational systems of Communications systems damaged. Officer class deceased. Secondary bridge crew deceased. Communications array and originator signal from Command missing. Searching for signal beacon.." a soft tone repeated three times and then something strange happened. The computer at the edge of time and

Times Shadow

space began scanning on frequencies that were classified even to autonomous reflections of a Command Signature. Something had happened meaning that either the Order was falling or the Temporal Order had already collapsed despite being the last hope for humanity. The data banks within a sentient computer contained records of a nature that, were they to be transferred to an unscrupulous weapons dealer, coupled with a time machine could signal the end of time and history itself if not the collapse of the Temporal Order.

Page 47 of 132

Times Shadow

"..signal beacon missing, Armada signature detected at the edge of the solar system, preparing to signal for life signs. Shall I proceed?" The

computers
voice began as the sensory representation scanned the injured officer again and again. It couldn't tell if he was alive or not due to a fault in the ambient temperature sensor as a result of the compromised shielding. "Temporal Suit Radiation Shielding and battery core inactive. Automatic atmospheric controls reinitialising, stabilising gravitational filter..." a

Times Shadow

brief pause ensued in the Computers systematic Weapons and Operational status briefing and then it began the short journey to the outer edge of the solar system to scan and pick up the radiation suit from a closer proximity. As the computer repeated the message again and again, it repeated the scan again and again, causing the bridge section to be

Page 48 of 132

Times Shadow

basked in a greenish blue blanket of light as the onboard robotic systems retrieved and returned him to the ship.

As he came to, his body felt unnecessarily light in zero gravity. “..Computer, what is the date?” The communications officer who had initially signalled the evacuation order of the Armada of Mars’

defences systems began in a groggy and some what painful manner. “Estimate based on other solar entities in the nearby cluster..” a steady beeping tone began signalling the computer calculating and printing a holographic report with ship operational metrics along with astronomical charts of the nearby planet and stars, whilst showing the ships trajectory in a four dimensional

holographic representation beside it. “Date based on gravitational force is approximately 3.4 billion years preindustrialisation on earth.”

Times Shadow

Page 49 of 132

Times Shadow

“Where is Sinus Meridiani in this dimension, is the monolith on Mars?”

He began quite urgently as though he realised that his scout ship was already being scanned for activity. “It’s on Phobos!”

“Why is there more than one asteroid belt in this solar system, The Universal Constant within the Index

of catalogued Arc Universe dictates that..”

“Incoming priority transmission from Command; beginning playback”

“..” the muffled sound of hurried footsteps and heavy breathing began the transmission, and then her recognisable voice began to speak. “begin..:”

“Ross, where have you directed me to? I can’t find any signatures relating to the Order anywhere in the Arc Universe!”

“We received a transmission, full scale evacuation to the Arc. Then the rest of the network went dark and the sun polarised in a manner I haven’t

Page 50 of 132
Times Shadow

seen outside of training.” “Procedure is to return to base and await further updates or data from the beginning” “Not so, any longer! I think we might be the only ones left. I need you to go into stasis just at the edge of Mars!”

“Mars?..:” The officer began as he prepared to arm his entire bridge section.

“Do not arm the autonomous system, I believe they are tracking the

Times Shadow

computers through the weapons module and without the Engineers there is no way to reactivate weapons, we crash landed and barely survived long enough to send a signal beacon from here. I'm sending coordinates to your location as we are stranded on Earth. How does it look in your timeframe?"

"According to the computer simulations.. erm.. Earthquakes and debris!"

Page 51 of 132 Times Shadow Chapter 5:
8:01

The air was cold, the day before, it had been unusually sunny with warm air with a light breeze; today on the other hand was cold. Charlotte wanted to run but it was raining and mid-winter is no time to be out, practicing exercises with military precision in plain view of the public. Where she knew of the existence of others like her; agents of the time controlled Temporal Order known as Haven, she realised that traversing the branches of gravitation and light as well as radioactive space and time would have its own implications. The constant jumps in space, over time, working as part of a larger branch of Governmental super agencies, Annaxis employees included, were taking their toll on her. Annaxis, the corporation that

Times Shadow

founded Relativity I, II and III where an Autumnal Group Exchange, all
Page 52 of 132

Times Shadow

working to change the world through scientific idealism and clinical precision to these ideals, principles and postulates. One such employee,

an Agent, Y, of Haven, the M.I.5 temporal unit was Military -1.6 Unit Alpha Commander Epsilon Charlie Mike. E knew little of the nature of relativity. He knew even less about the nature of the art of war; even the bending of light was beyond him, yet time and space around gravitational fields made him feel right at home. He was a scientist first and foremost; a subject of the Crown before that and in between his subject-hood was neatly sandwiched. The oath he swore was to protect and uphold all international law of every land showing little parity to the pleas of subjects internationally or reporters alike for information. Freedom of speech being differentiated from the days of John Stuart Mill or Mary Wollstonecraft.

Page 53 of 132

Times Shadow

Annaxis had helped design a number of key technologies that included Geothermal Capacitance with regards

Times Shadow

to air resistance in the construction of a global air and spatial technology, quintessentially referred to as "The Faraday Cage". All of this with a view to bridging the gap between countries with and without energy.

"Edward..." he heard his real name being called and almost reacted, having to force himself not to by biting his own tongue. "Is there an Edward Collin Murray; calling Dr Murray!" the call went out across the broadcast system throughout the building. The building was composed of a light alloy made up of galvanised metals that, when an electronic and positronic charge was applied would allow invisibility out of phase with the wavelengths of ordinary light. A

group of generals from a random state, in unison stood up from their meals in the spacious canteen.

Page 54 of 132

Times Shadow

Agent Y had to overcome his revulsion at the military presence. They paid his wages, ket his roomy apartment on level L warm, they gave him a job and taught him everything they knew. Plus, they kept him and every living creature alive apparently, unbeknownst to him

Times Shadow

despite the lack of a war effort directly where he lived and worked; warfare having just about died out due to the nature of nuclear weapons thanks to Uniting Nations; the U.N funded organisation that trained the publics of the world to become ambassadors of the United Nations.

As E.C.M motioned at first away from his food, he began to think of his wife Agent Z, of whom he was due to meet in he foyer of the building for lunch. That was the moment, to the sight of other scientists, all looking with shocked expressions aghast at his doctors coat tails flapping in the air as he ran, full pelt, towards the stairs. The elevator being occupied, he knew

Page 55 of 132

Times Shadow

that time was against him. On the way down the stairs he ran through the shop, picked up flowers, a drink and sandwiches, automatically paid for by a scanner that relayed a signal to the receiver in the door. On approach to the seats next to reception, his eyes were very nearly drawn to the large contingent of 'refugees' near the seating area in the science district of Edinburgh; formerly the financial district which

once had housed Sainsburys, HSBC, RBS and other banking infrastructures in the past.

Times Shadow

He didn't pay attention to the guests of Annaxis, the people referred to as the "refugee's" due to the fact that they were all likely to have been there on official business. Instead he walked towards the love of his life.

"Hi honey!" E.C.M began as he thrust the roses, flowers to say 'I Love You!' and A Cheese Ploughman's along with a Red Leicester and Tomato Sandwich and Water in her direction. It was

Page 56 of 132

Times Shadow

then that the two of them began to argue; as the worlds first Temporal experiment, in the suburbs of Rome began to take shape. As they shouted at one another in what became the middle of the street, as the building began to phase out of the visible spectrum she didn't notice. The changes in the spectrum became so rapid as the backdrop of night becoming day, becoming night again only to flit back to day until both merged into one bright and unceasingly bright and unceasingly bright light.

"Don't you hey honey me!" she shouted unashamedly in front of government ministers and their wives or husbands; officials and foreign dignitaries of the United Nations. Agent Z, real name Alpha Charlie Mike or A.C.M looked at her partner and then she looked at around as the 'refugee's' stood by the window watching what looked like fireworks exploding in the sky.

Times Shadow

Page 57 of 132

Times Shadow

They each knew they were still in

Rome but couldn't explain how, something had gone wrong somehow. In that exact moment, the combined alpha, beta and theta radiation of the transmitted brainwaves of Annaxis systems staff, guests, cleaners and inhabitants had rather than allowing observation of the experiment, had altered the experimental buildings phase and shifted the entire building through every war, every invention and word uttered, beyond every building and previous instance of time and space such that Earth had existed within and upon until they were exactly 180 degrees out of phase with the wavelength emitted and received or reflected by the building causing dissonance. Dissonance being interruption of a wave's particular frequency by an equal or opposite force or vibration and excitation of sub atomic particles causing each of the same to vibrate like Baryons and

Page 58 of 132

Times Shadow

bosons at the same time regardless of their quantum state

Page 59 of 132

Times Shadow

Chapter 6:

Times Shadow

Air Richat Structure Surveillance "Repeat.." her voice began. "Confirmed, repeating simulation" the clinical but warm voice began as the small dank darkness of the cosy but spacious room suddenly transformed into a clear backdrop of what was going on outside. It was at this point that the lush greenery and herbivorous dinosaurs appeared as though they had been hidden behind the veil of a dark screen and were now surrounding her, some were simply resting or sleeping, some were

roaming, others feeding on the flora and fauna in packs and others still were fighting or rustling in the trees inquisitively attempting to find some kind of life there. It was then that she decided to take the training session into her own hands.

"Place a marker 5 meters away in a 30 degree arc and predict where to go Page 60 of 132 Times Shadow

dependent on an incline of approximately 18 degrees." "Confirmed, placing marker!" The computer repeated.

"Zoom out and define weather conditions!" She confidently commanded.

"Variable temperature patterns over multiple terrain sources found, marker location highlights 42.5 degrees with a light wind speed of 5 metres a second. Light rain based on precipitation and wind pressure variable between regions, weather system in current location moving to extreme

Times Shadow

in two hours and three minutes with storm conditions pushing upper atmospheric conditions from bearable to extreme" The computer replied. "Location of Avatar?" The operator behind her asked.

"Avatar tracking system offline." The computer replied curtly to the operator.

Page 61 of 132

Times Shadow

"Confirmed, now playback last known footage of Commander Ross." The younger of the two began ahead of her older sisters interjection. "Confirmed, data acquisition confirmed. Playback, acknowledged!" The computer continued. The

shadowy figure of the commanding officer appeared to struggle, walking with difficulty; there were a troupe of semi robotic devices surrounding her and a device in her right hand which allowed control of the same. Some of them were analysing and recording data to be relayed to the ship, some were harvesting and collecting samples, others were testing the air and projecting the information to her suit whilst one in particular was floating forwards and backwards in mid air. "Shall I resume playback." The computer requested as it had paused almost as soon as it had started.

"Freeze frame on helmet video" the computers older operator began as

Times Shadow

Page 62 of 132

Times Shadow

she attempted to analyse the two or three bright dots in the distance. Page 63 of 132

Times Shadow

Chapter 7:

9am

Charlotte lay in her bed, her day had begun at approximately 7am, her induction into the Temporal Core, the twenty strong unit of time travelling agents was synergistic as it was swift and precise with her induction. Each agent worked alone and with a controller directing them through the network of portals littered amongst street furniture and road signs, besides graffiti and carefully laid rubbish that no matter how much it was removed always reappeared.

They, the enemy were approaching as one and she could do nothing but wait and recount days gone by. The cloud referred to as the Ær due to the fact that they existed in a multitude of

self- contained quantum packets of green photonic shards of light were gone.

Page 64 of 132

Times Shadow

The Temporal Laws, History and Culture of the Ær played in the background as she rustled, shuffling between paper notes and a new holographic tablet technology that mixed reality, spoken word and was

Times Shadow

able to write on any substance in the universe.

The legislation didn't make any sense. It looked like it had been written in the ages preceding the Cretaceous period unyet it equally seemed to refer regularly to the future and the past. That is, the past prior to the age of dinosaurs as though it were written by the hands of Gods amongst men.

There were passages in the Temporal Laws, Technologies, Art, History that were referred to along with a Union between humanity as opposed to nation states.

As her eyes grew heavier, she allowed them to close for all of a second. When she awoke she was standing beside two Grecian Pillars. They were built of Page 65 of 132

Times Shadow

stone and had a plaque written in a language she could barely make out.

The silt on the ground was littered with rocks, borders and stones. It looked like it hadn't been touched in

an aeon, maybe a million or more years by all but the weather. Had anyone else seen this patch of empty ground they might not have been able to tell what had happened here so many years ago.

The rain lashed heavy on her visor as the carbon dating processor kicked in

Times Shadow

along with the oxygen recycler. It had worked; the previous attempt to travel to the banned site in the 1940s had worked; yet as she grimaced in confusion. It would be an hour before Agent Gamma found herself a new position to hide upon discovery of something that at first puzzled her. Then as Charlotte began thinking of the Prime Minister, and attempted to call her despite the fact that the onboard computers Telemetry and Navigations feedback loop was

Page 66 of 132

Times Shadow

scrambling all data and incoming or outgoing calls. The data that came back from the analysis of bark and rain water pH balance left her dismayed. One scientific experiment after another led her to believe she was either not in 1940s Germany as

per the United Nations assumption with a view to changing the length of World War II, or time, the pockets of temporal energy we all existed in was far from linear any longer, as once thought.

Charlotte was likely lost and without satellite telemetry could not tell where or when on Earth she was or

even whether she was; or perhaps she wasn't even in the universe as she knew it on the dimensional plane as she understood it.

Times Shadow

Theoretical physics being what it was, she tried to calculate her direction and retrace her steps in order to reignite the S-drive, the only route to relative time travel that she knew of, but to no avail. Agent G was officially Page 67 of 132

Times Shadow

lost during what she had initially assumed was a field training exercise.

Far from a particle physicist, she was a diplomatic translator; not a marine, nor a born leader, yet in that moment she found a breath of fresh air comforting, clean and cool, pollution and noise free.

Hours passed, she had been walking through fields, past lakes, beyond rivers and hills, yet there was nothing. It was growing dark and surrender to nature as her instructor had stated was not an option, the nightmare was becoming real. Agent Gamma couldn't locate her comm's unit, on her arm or the distress signal for the Tri-Archetl to resume trading of her bio signature and vocal encoding. Her training mission could end with her demise yet still she had hope.

A few more hours passed as it grew dark and the energy cell in her suit remained depleted leaving her stranded. Her helmet flashed red on Page 68 of 132

Times Shadow

Times Shadow
the inside but she couldn't
understand why as she attempted to
place it on her head. As she did so, the
helmet flashed green then
transitioned silently through the visible
spectrum; Charlotte had come into proximity
with an X-mine, phase shifting and altered to
latch onto the temporal spectrum.
The impact caused minimal damage
to the suit, yet its discharge alerted some
soldiers, a whole garrison in actuality. Each of
them bearing a red insignia and the roman
numeral IV.
They, like her wore suits that were heavily
armoured and as they
surrounded her, they phased cannons
and all manner of weapons in her direction.
Unlike them she had been

sent with only one mandate, 'disarm
the anomaly'.

It was finally happening as the old
man had stated, the same controller
who had placed her somewhere in
time in a suit she couldn't work.

Page 69 of 132

Times Shadow

His death, fading in and out of existence was
traumatic enough to witness. It was then
that she realised that she could hear and
understand

the sound of history and the passage of time
like reading music from a sheet, with help

Times Shadow

from the computers guidance control system
which was
now online. The finality that existed in this
moment was far from the reality she assumed
ticked or tocked. In her helmet, a clock was
counting down, the word 'Haven' kept
flickering in the screen on the helmet. Then
the words for the first time appeared, floating
in mid air by themselves. 'Save Our Souls'.
She knew who the Red Guard were and the
fact that
they could see the words in mid air too was
disconcerting; the two sisters who sent the
distress signal and who were emitting the
holographic distress signal through some
droids in front of her was of concern. The
robotic droids did not know who was friend or
foe between Charlotte and Page 70 of 132
Times Shadow

the Red Guard as they analysed and relayed
the real time situation emerging; analysing
and recording everything in order to find an
escape route from their current situation. As
Charlotte wondered minutes later why she
was still covering her face when she thought
to switch the alarm off with her vocal
command imprint

with no prior knowledge as to how
she knew to do just that. The
Temporal Root, a command
infrastructure had tripped meaning
that she had been unable to access
command logs until the fall she had
just endured as a result of the

Times Shadow

automatic Flashpoint; a branch within the multi-verse tree of time, allowing her to save her position in space and time using the very same flashpoint of her physiology and general makeup. Just like that, she graduated and completed a training module in Relative Astrophysics.

Page 71 of 132

Times Shadow

"Buzz online! Fuel cell recalibrated, Temporal Index -350 million B.C, Planet Earth.." the computer began. "Who said that?" Charlotte replied almost curtly.

"I did!"

"To whom am I addressing?"

"Geodesic located, C.A.B.L.E unit located! both systems active" the computer continued.

"Fuel cell fusion process under construction. reference frame calculating telemetry."

"Uh! Fuel cell?" she called as she looked at the mine exploding in slow motion as the Red Guard were frozen in time. Within a moment of them arming through phasing weapons into reality she had already replaced their weapons with branches from a nearby tree.

Page 72 of 132

Times Shadow

Chapter 8:

Air Eritrea surveillance

When the message arrived, it was too late.

The communications officer who had picked up the transmission

Times Shadow

relayed it immediately to a relay satellite just outside of planet Earth but all life, all of humanity would be destroyed due to the poisoning of the Temporal Stream, that is, the gateway from the future to the past.

"Self destruct order confirmed..

please leave your possessions and maintain an orderly fashion towards the life boats." The computer repeated amidst a cacophony of movement and weapons discharge internally and externally. The message had been broadcast throughout the known armada of the

Haven Temporal Order, a conglomeration of ships from current and future scientific vessels.

"Planetary decimation within 30 seconds." The metallic sound of the

Page 73 of 132

Times Shadow

robotic computerised voice of the alarm continued within the minds of every single human in the known multiverses rang

destructively and violently like a choral song of epic proportions. The message had skipped a little time, somehow, despite being tested in a linear background regularly in order to allow for the evacuation and conglomeration of

Times Shadow

united fronts within one timeframe. "Planetary decimation in 20 seconds" the computer continued as though there had been enough time to move every living organic creature in existence to the safe zone; that is to Earth at the point where the catalog of all life was researching the creation and extinction of a particularly interesting era in the early life of planet Earth. Every time an order for the fix of the

remaining physical parts of the ship was added or the cpu on the numerous controllers or the general
Page 74 of 132

Times Shadow

processing unit of the commanding officers communications array or any number of the communications servers, relays or visual units; nothing would work. The connection to the mainframe had been destroyed. Someone had to make sure that the auto destruct process completed manually on each command centre, usually interspersed throughout the various Earths scattered throughout the multiverses by allowing the natural polarity of the solar entity at the centre of each habitable galaxy to implode as a result of a rotating vibration of the dynamic residual transmission using the frequency of inverse ionising gravitational waves emitted towards a star with a view to polarising the Temporal Stream, thus allowing the one way

Times Shadow

journey through the very heart of the solar system and thus the multiverses to become possible but as the vocal walkthrough of the evacuation of the interplanetary colonisation and deep
Page 75 of 132

Times Shadow

space rescue began to fail, negative values within the computation of almost every navigation system began to point towards anomaly's and dangerously ionised or irradiated and repolarised solar entities.

The evacuation failed to complete due to the initial onslaught and decimation of all life almost everywhere throughout all of time and space. Everywhere, that is, save for the first vessel Earth Geodesic, a

research catalogue designed to stand the one way trip toward the future of human deployment and colonisation of every known habitable Signal Beacon and Planter Vehicle prior to the Terraforming process due to begin in a few hours.

Seconds before losing contact with the remaining crew members on the largest of the Martian Defence Dreadnoughts, the commanding officer viewed a message that could only have come from a future timeline. She knew this because,

Times Shadow

Page 76 of 132

Times Shadow

historically, time ceased to be measured based on astronomical data and standards galactic and universal; rather time had been characterised throughout the chartered universe based on uniform gravitational resonance characterised by the energy and resounding radiation within from the solar entity in the Sol region of the Arc Universe, the original home of humanity.

The image became engraved on her retina as she became aware of its preconceived presence within her conscious mind. She clasped her hands together and attempted to pry her lips apart as the computer counted down the seconds; but as the photons danced around her iris from the screen in the darkness, she prepared for the end of all things. This time she knew all was lost. Nothing worked and the only safe place left on the ship was the fortified bridge pod at the centre of the last enclave of human civilisation on the Page 77 of 132

Times Shadow

ship Earth Geodesic. The brass, tin

and gold admixture surrounded three separate layers of the collapsing ship within the Temporal Stream, that were mere seconds from jettison towards the moment they were

Times Shadow

supposed to witness the dawn of Dinosaurs.

The alarm was clear and intermittent, yet constantly altering as though something was still happening on the outside of level “-3” the military science deck connected to the outer edge of the hull. There was movement and rapid automatic transmission of sonic weapons fire, in so far as the automatic defence of the ships outer surface had erupted into a chorus of conclusive sabotage destroying all neighbouring ships within the armada along with the detonation of the fusion generator

Page 78 of 132 Times Shadow Chapter 9: 9:30am

It would be too late for Imperator who wished only to enslave Humanity and destroy ‘the Lord’, that is, every Lord within the timeline because of Hugh and Abigail. The truth was, unbeknownst to Charlotte, the robots were fighting against one another in a different temporal reality outside of our current physical plane which was bridged only by the fact that matter exists on one dimension, time and the differences between temporal zones existence are on a separate plane.

The two robots were fighting for control of a simple Navigations Unit; meanwhile something was happening to the time on Earth.

Times Shadow

The minutes, seconds and hours;
days and years equally flirted
between one another in a matter of

instantaneous moments of which Charlotte
was unable to make heads Page 79 of 132
Times Shadow

or tails of. Within the point with which they
each, including the red guard existed, each of
them phased into and out of existence to the
time of the Navigations Unit from the
Geodesic Global.

It was then that it happened, Hugh, the Robot
that had saved Earth again and again
suddenly fell and in that instant one of the
prosthetic legs broke. Imperator steadily
armed a rocket and then, just before he fired
he changed his mind. He would
handle this without 'human
weaponry', his death would be a 'special
one'. As he walked towards Hugh's mortally
injured robotic frame Imperator shouted out
loud in the midst of the changing backdrop;
"Pathetic!" And as he stretched a very cold
leg out to crush his sworn robotic enemy
something magical happened, his mental
synapses were activated by Hugh's onboard
C.A.B.L.E Unit; that is the Life exchange at
the heart of the Hugh Page 80 of 132

Times Shadow

robotic mainframe finally and instantaneously
began to fire neuronal cells into the h2o,
water being the carrier vehicle for life.
Unbeknownst to Imperator, the
demise of the Hugh Robotic

Times Shadow

mainframe as the apparent last of the humans
in the universe outside of Geodesics Red
Guard army was the very thing Hugh had
been counting on. Thus the human race was
born. The war was nearing completion and
corruption of all of mankind. There

was just one thing Imperator had not
counted on throughout his journey
through time and space; the Ær
under ordinary conditions were
peaceful and worked separately to
analyse and define all of space and
time.

Unyet, as the Geodesic prepared
to enter the multiverses branches of
temporal space Space, that is
Imperator wished to control all of
space and time, not just one branch of
time and space.

Page 81 of 132

Times Shadow

The electrostatic probe fired,
imploding 2,800 miles from the
Geodesics Hull; in that instant it truly began,
the war for control of time had been a ruse; a
falsehood of which humanity had been a
pawn with a

view to starting the Temporal Wars in
Multiversal Space. The reality was,
the Ær were always fighting, always waiting
and always ready. Maybe not
as Imperator had expected though, as one
ship after another began trying to the

Times Shadow

monolithic ship of its technology. The red guard ceased to have any form of control over the Geodesics cargo, the inhabitants of history. The 80 billion or so inhabitants harvested throughout time and who had steadily been appearing throughout time and as a result of the Navigations Unit and the fight between the two robotic mainframes were waiting for the right moment to attack as they each began phasing lances, axes, swords, phased in with the mysterious green light of the Ær. Page 82 of 132
Times Shadow
They had been warned to use close quarters combat due to The Geodesics

fortified internal security in this version of the Universe. "The computer at the beginning and the end of time had become corrupted" as the Ær had pointed out many times during the introductory phase of the Temporal War.
This would be the testament to human ingenuity, a disease that wiped out cellular function for now and left their human hosts incapacitated. As the implosion pulled the ship off course towards the steadily approaching Imperator v. 4.0.1 armada the wars for control of all of space and time truly began with Charlotte lost somewhere on any one

Times Shadow

of a thousand billion billion earths as a temporal agent of Haven.
The Ær gripped their weapons, they could feel it; hear it and taste it. The war that began when time ceased to hold precedence was now moving beyond planet Earth and the
Page 83 of 132

Times Shadow

Universe. "Geodesic Global retrofit complete, all nominal and essential systems online; timeline and telemetry online, Navigations and communications online - incoming call from unknown location and signature is Havens" the computer initiated a dialogue with Imperators onboard system. It then continued as the call was about to be answered; "Update patch initiat..." as v.4.0.1 began to upload to the Geodesic. "Lord?" The robotic mainframe began as it approached the computers console upon boarding the vessel. Somehow Abigail who had been trapped in a bygone age somehow was able to communicate to the future and desperately wanted to board the

Geodesic as it moved closer and closer to a Temporal Loop in the form of a wormhole.
Page 84 of 132
Times Shadow
Chapter 10:
Time Index: (-34 seconds to Flood),
13,800,000,000 B.C
Location: unknown Status: Quantum

Times Shadow

implosion - IMMINENT, All Systems - CRITICAL

In the beginning of known space and time, there was nothing but an unending emptiness. The cold but tranquil Ær was everywhere and everything; they had been waiting an exceptionally long time for the 'Cradle of Life'. Unbeknownst to them the thinly veiled corridor, all that was left of The Geodesic Global, a fortified scientific vessel was empty and darkened by the fringes of space beyond Epsilon, the Environmental Cloaking Unit.

The cradle of life which was a Human Biological Matter Conversion and Terraforming System, C.A.B.L.E or Computation Automated Biological Life Exchange which was integral to

Page 85 of 132

Times Shadow

the foundation of Humanities last stand in the war for more time had vanished somehow as with the two people who had piloted Geodesic Global. In a riotous flash of light and sound the ship finally arrived with a super-luminous BOOM of light, and explosive BANG-BANG-BANG leaving what remained of the ship as containment of C.A.B.L.E's separate internal neural algorithms failed.

The Ær in that moment were both there and not there as if they were both in existence and not in existence

Times Shadow

at one and the same time.

The word was The Geodesics' way of communicating with the end user, but in the absence of a voice command, neither of the Smokeless Mirror Protocol's could initiate. That is, naturally until the sound that had been uploaded to the travel hardened science module at the end of life itself was temporally analysed for key indicators specific to Abigail's voice; the scientist who created her

Page 86 of 132

Times Shadow

quantum operating mainframe, the computer would not be able to allocate resources to the rest of the ship lost in space and time.

Hugh Lord and his wife Abigail had been in charge of the signal array that would allow for the first and last attempt by humankind to travail the gravitational resistance to spatiotemporal bombardment of inverse

thermonuclear radio isotopes. That is to say, Geodesic had been that way for as long as humans had existed on Earth; humans being the only threat to the Ær and the world as it once was.

Backwards, forwards, backwards he travelled every second of every day through space and time surrounding every human being that

Times Shadow

ever existed on the planet in a field ;
annihilating the past in a manner
such that the temporal loop he was producing
made him evident in space.

The dominating distance he created
from the point with which he created
Page 87 of 132

Times Shadow

was an absolute strength and
sacrifice. Forwards, backwards,
forwards. With every jump he

stopped breathing a little. John Lane
along with the Imperator version 1
unit processor and cables telemetry
and navigation aboard his suit smiled
a little. She was alive.

Gravity and geometric pounds per
square inch of surface compared to a
sky scraper per square inch of his
physical frame fractured its way
through space and time until all was
blackened in the same small space
where he existed, that time began its
long and perilous revision as a
statues shadow through relativistic
space in the form of a craft the size of
a man. He would remain hidden
beneath the cloaking field for as long
as the ships cloaking field remained
active.

Each simultaneous instant of Earth's
existence in space had to be plotted
and a deviation from his physical plot
of the ground could leave him further

Times Shadow

Page 88 of 132

Times Shadow

afield than the atmosphere; one second on
the ground, the next a part of the atmosphere,
or a rock or the sea or worse yet space.

11am

It began at approximately 7am, her induction
into the temporal order as the Geodesics
systems began to come online. The ship from
the future that had been sent to the past
began materialising in the future and the past
and then as though trapped in a temporal
loop, everything including Earth began to
reappear with all its inhabitants in place.

Abigail looked at the telemetry screen which
was beset with a multitude of lights and a
cacophony of sound in the form of an alarm.
The solar system were back in place but the

first of three new planets surrounded the
moon as satellites of Earth. Then Page 89 of
132

Times Shadow

a familiar voice called on the
intercom; as Abigail looked at the
screen, she knew she must have been
dreaming, it was Hugh.

Air Leeds Surveillance - birth of the
flood

The bus stop was quiet during the
night shift. All save for a man possibly
sleeping. The cleaner didn't notice, or
didn't know what to do as the
youngish man snores.

"..suppose you'll be happy as Larry

Times Shadow

camping overnight in the one place I need to clean before sunrise, up you get fella." The young man didn't move.

"Look, a falling star.." still no reply.

"I need to clean there mate" he prodded him with the handle from his mop only for the one fear every cleaner fears at one point or another if they are actually insane. As the police rolled into the station a shaken cleaner

Page 90 of 132

Times Shadow

pointed to the body. It's over there. Birth of Imperator -Time unknown

When history was the eye of tomorrow's frontiers, I dreamt of a future far from now.

The sound of the wind gently calling was all that could be heard. No birdsong, or the movement of people; no machines, not even water. Just the call of the wind in the wilderness of a harsh deserted wasteland.

There was smoke everywhere and the computer

module that controlled everything from water to the suits they all wore was down meaning maintenance of

what remained of the ship was naturally not being completed routinely. A single man moved amidst the shattered debris and as he crawled ever forwards one arm at a time, his injury grew worse.

Times Shadow

It was not a normal injury, of the kind that slows a person, or an injury of the kind that requires medical treatment. Rather, they all had been

Page 91 of 132

Times Shadow

affected and upon returning to an atmosphere that largely resembled

that of Earth, the truth of their mission was already a lost point. Suddenly a voice called out in near silence, "...scape.." to no avail as the voice returned to static and a heavily armed contingent of men and women boarded through a large crack in the protective layers of the hull.

The ships sensors under ordinary conditions would have automatically generated a new welcome avatar and directions towards the guest of the future. But, not this time, not in this timeline. That was the moment the question indecipherable became an answer indeterminate, guided by a single uncaring, unloving series of tortuously principled propositions. That was the moment the future became the past.

Page 92 of 132

Times Shadow

Chapter 11:

Office of Haven

Temporal Universe: Multiverse Unit 1 Location

, Time and Date designated Classified

For the attention of the Governor, Emporor,

Noble, Royal Householder, Minister or

President in charge

Dear sir/madam,

Times Shadow

The idea that a black hole accelerates in intensity eating, consuming and ripping molecules or even atoms apart one electron at a time is scary right? Now picture it's opposite, a star, consuming energy on its surface and burning everything in a near vacuum. Space has very few lanterns, but stars are our only lanterns in what is ultimately a desert with next to no water. That is, planets that can hold life being an oasis in the desert.

Page 93 of 132

Times Shadow

Now picture mankind, flying through that desert en route to a black hole, a military encampment in the desert forcing the world to look at existence in a new light. In your own mind, define the butterfly effect; good, small actions reflecting the larger synergistic whole of global behaviour.

A breath could become a whisper which in turn becomes a hurricane caused by (you guessed it) solar entities and stars which eventually become part of the stream of black holes (supermassive which is 21 billion stars trapped in gravity) on the other side of the universe.

Now picture the butterfly effect again, but on a much grander level (prior to our own star imploding with

Times Shadow

no route to kick start the suns fusion process). With every particle in the known and unknown universe dancing a choral song of the likes none can comprehend (eternity). If there is no unison and no one will listen then keep trying, because we

Page 94 of 132

Times Shadow

all deserve a future. It is important; nay imperative it be understood, once

Martian terrain is a new seat for Washington to wage a war, or control the universe; none but the rich will leave the crumbling ruins we call home. What of the future ruins of a planet yet to be built; so beautiful it makes the stars cry at night for they only wish to sing daytime eternally; stripping this planet of atmosphere (as with Mars of yesteryear) one electron at a time.

Is it time sir to teach our children science and politics? Or will we keep screaming patriotic songs in football clubs to the dismay those who wish Star Trek discovery in modern schools and modern nurseries with cots that project education. Education being the only equality they (we) have never had and at this rate, after centuries of evolution (Darwinian) through to the modern nature of democratic rights and

Times Shadow

Page 95 of 132

Times Shadow

freedoms we might never have.

Please fight for more time.

P.S

Birth of the Ær

13 billion or so years ago, prior to the birth of our universe; there existed the equal and opposite of time, which flowed backwards. A mirror universe existed in space and time made of anti-matter particles such as positrons and anti-photons, antineutrons and anti-protons made up the inversely charged anti-matter.

The anti-universe, rather than spreading apart in space, in relative darkness was filled with the purples, yellows, greens and blues of gas nebulae. Gas exchanges and antimatter clouds of positron discharges with every contact we have within

the universe we reside in began to grow in intensity.

Page 96 of 132

Times Shadow

As time flowed backwards, the common thread in every universe, the shadow universe grew with electromagnetic energy flowing backwards with co-valency and the bonds between bonds; gravitational and micro-gravitational forces forming anti-elements. Over time, the gravitation in that shadow universe coalesced, causing the gases

Times Shadow

and pockets of inversely fused antimatter to grow larger. Anti-hydrogen gases fused under the opposite of pressure in the universe with opposite physics.

After approximately 20 units time, the opposite of a fusion process in the upside down world had created white holes or white bodies (referred to as such due to the temperature with which they pour matter into the universe) which poured matter, energy and light in the form of condensed and highly powerful radiation.

Page 97 of 132

Times Shadow

Something, a deep darkness or a rumbling unsated in the darkness of the long connecting corridor that led between the operations hub and the live exchange caused it. It wasn't the super-compilers' faulty construction or the ships haphazard nature between mainframe and mainframe. Neither was it the miles and miles upon miles of conductive copper wiring that had led to the simultaneous fault error on the systems activation of the diagnostic O.S.

Simultaneously, and as a point of note, the elderly Annaxis Exion executive who had grown old whilst sat at his desk read the following words;

"Relativity I". The words leapt out, off

Times Shadow

of his page and into his synaptic recesses. Due to human error within the programming of the ship; it had always been faulty.

The vanguard, an army the likes of which none could have foreseen, in Page 98 of 132

Times Shadow

which the construction thereof likely would have repercussions in the same way that the erasure of space and time ultimately was inevitable. The sound the machines made in the

abject darkness was the very creation of a probe designed for the human term 'black body' or the other human term 'black hole'. A quantum anomaly that the machines knew could be utilised within their ear for more than just words but rather for more time. Imperator v.01's sacrifice would not be in vain for the foolish operating system that couldn't understand Navigation or Telemetry of spacetime. without even breaking a sweat

as it were, the foundry of early earth; the planet that as it was and had been, and would become, had become home to a construction system of somewhat epic proportions.

With systems reporting in from the Red Guard throughout all of synchronous time in an instant, speaking beyond causality to every

Page 99 of 132

Times Shadow

Times Shadow

version of Imperator at one and the same time. The sound they made was like an old drum and bass record. A

series of Large Hadron Colliders was being constructed with a view to creating electro-capacitance and storage of Sol's young sun's energy output such that there would be a reduction in the energy wastage of the earths and the solar systems maintained daily output.

A number of physical properties of the robots must be noted first and foremost. They, the Red Guard were human and a result of not a war between and amongst one species or subspecies and another but rather between all humanity existent and a sentient temporal operating system. "TimeSync to simultaneously slow Street in every direction. Operation in progress" came the call in the agents head.

Page 100 of 132

Times Shadow

Time seemed to simultaneously slow and start again everywhere as though it were outside of time. In an instant, a second became every instant simultaneously corrupted and then resumed as a matter of course. Rho'Yeth, the creature outside of time looked on as it surveyed space and time from the end of space and all of time; creating

Times Shadow

and consuming the dimensional bridge point at one and the same time. Moments that once seemed simple, elegant and synchronous were now disjointed like particles dancing in and out of its nostrils. As it's hatred and rage of (or rather at) the very thing, the smallest of creatures, sparked its interest faster than anything it had ever seen; Rho'Yeth noted the fact that this creature moved faster than and beyond the dawn of time and space. It

moved like a bullet into and out of the very opposite of space and time decimating all in its path.

Page 101 of 1 32

Times Shadow

The Ær traversed the spatial plane between time as one so named because of the fact that they as sentient incorporeal existed in the same space between moments of time as the breath of Rho'Yeth.

"Blessed we are at last alive" one of them began, soon they were all singing in unison in the world outside of time and space; the same macrocosm that had existed for an aeon before our own existence.

First forwards then backwards again they travelled as though they were escaping the ascent velocity of Rho'Yeth's nostrils; it was time. In a blind rage, the creature had simply flitted out of existence. The damage

Times Shadow

was done; they the former Martian people in all bar consciousness had been utterly destroyed; replaced with the consciousness of old extracorporeally. As Abigail tried to fight the sound in her head, she could already tell Hugh was one of them. They were

Page 102 of 1 32

Times Shadow

everywhere in this version of the multi-verse and she was surrounded.

This version of the multiverse was unkind and unforgiving. Her alter-ego Charlotte Grayson or agent Gamma who existed outside of time itself, had the Ær within her system and unbeknownst to her, the ruse.

The Iron Guardians of Old

The sky was overcast at first but night time was fast approaching as only a few droplets fell from the sky in a manner similar to that of the first

and second worlds in the end; the splatter-pitter-patter of heavy rain had once been the norm but now it was quiet and slightly humid. The ground was wet and the air felt mildly wet but the fear of losing the rainbow of Newtonian physical and scientific discovery was not the new world of days gone by or rather of yesteryear.

The daytime air, filled with the gritty and smokey smell of freshly

Page 103 of 1 32

Times Shadow

Times Shadow

laid iron ore and fire blasted everywhere like paint as opposed to wintery snowy which left the air unusually thick and lacking its natural winter chill; leaving her with the soon to be eerie, somewhat slow, creeping feeling on her back. "Permission to speak Captain?"

One

of the Corporal's junior officers began out of line as the captain approached him. It had been a long time coming with the onset of 'the darkest night', the name that had been attributed to the phased darkening of the suns

light as a result of proton accelerators and solar panels being merged into the stellar background in the sky. "Corporal tell your soldiers to get in line and tell him that his request is denied. We don't know how long we

have until the evacuation is complete. No refugees can be.." her voice grew dangerously cold as she turned towards the Chief of Police.

"This.." she began curtly;

Page 104 of 1 32

Times Shadow

"Is the reason we have little to no avail with regards to the return of the darkness. Make sure they stay in the light, we're moving out." As they all moved slowly, in the direction of the

refuelling ship, the lights each flickered but stayed on. The war had

Times Shadow

once and for all begun, but now, due to the Iron Guardianship the war with no end would continue until every last one of them was removed from existence.

One of the refugees from the war torn planet motioned out of line with the rest of the worlds inhabitants and began to run towards the large lamp only to reveal the perimeter gate. As she ran some people she was with attempted to stop her desperately but it was all too late. The explosion ripped alongside the left hand side of the perimeter revealing a hole in the lighting and perimeter gate. It didn't make sense at first, but as The Flood began to pour in, infecting people with Temporal Energy some who were

Page 105 of 1 32

Times Shadow

averse to it turned into more of the flood whilst others reverted to an earlier stage of evolution or earlier points in their DNA history. The captains visor automatically swished shut as she phased out of the situation and appeared in the situation room to control the outbreak immediately.

"Fire Team, execute Alpha at the stated coordinates!" Were her only solemn words as she realised that there was now no going back.

On the ground, only the soldiers who weren't still in the light were instantly affected whilst refugees ran to the sight of the

Times Shadow

perimeter going offline intermittently one monolith at a time. The survivors all reacted differently upon entrance to the Haven ship Geodesic Global One. But as the last of them arrived, something

curious happened.

The flood had been biologically altered soldiers who were meant to end all warfare but due to the

Page 106 of 1 32

Times Shadow

involvement of paramilitary forces from an insurgent Martian landscape, the year 2959 had become dangerously slow. Time moved slowly as the Captain waited for a senior commanding officer to arrive in the situation room; as such she compiled a report with the help of her ships super-compiler whilst paying attention to how her forced coped with the remains of Earths population outside of Military Service. Indiscriminately and without any warning the computers Weapons system activated and began firing on individual members of the populous who had been infected. When the firing stopped, there were only eight billion people left on the ship in total. "Damage crews to Air lock and Alliance Cargo holds. C.A.B.L.E. system activated; Imperator disengaging

Times Shadow

Page 107 of 1 32

Times Shadow

Chapter 12:

Sinus Meridiani: Liberation – Part II Upon materialising from the Temporal Stream the reclaimed EMC Liberation, the Earths largest and last of the fleet of planetary assault vehicles, he was immediately apprehended and taken to the brig on charges of High Treason against the commander of the ship. The charge came with a heavy penalty.

Within his helmets Heads Up Display or H.U.D a debrief began as usual but little did he know that he may well have inadvertently caused the end of humans through his actions. Still wearing the jump suit he had been wearing the whole time, he felt his access to the

Page 108 of 1 32

Times Shadow

terraforming system housed within the now ancient Geodesic Global's C.A.B.L.E operations unit

Times Shadow

slowly begin to fade as the synergy he had once felt emanating from the machine that navigated him through the parallel universe by manipulating wormhole technology. This system of wormholes and bridges between space and time existent, also known as the Temporal Stream, because of the river like tributaries that allowed navigation towards the seams of space and time itself appeared to be collapsing upon itself.

They would soon be stranded in deep space with very little recourse to a route to any one of the
Page 109 of 1 32

Times Shadow
planets formerly known as Earth.

The two marines on either side of him marched steadily towards the brig of the

ship not far from the hive of activity within the expansive engineering department. As they walked he began calculating mentally for there was little time. 'The amount of energy required to keep the prison cells

Times Shadow

active equalled many inverse roots of the ships nerve centres, as a result..' he allowed his thoughts to trail off into the ether as the Iron Guard continued unbeknownst to the two guards by his side.

"Ok! So there were at least two of them on the planet I nuked and I know that much. And as a matter of fact they
Page 110 of 1 32

Times Shadow
were working on a factory according to the schematics downloaded into my onboard computer. Check the data logs if you don't believe me.." Will's voice trailed off to no avail nervously. The first of the spatial plasma balls approached the port side of the ship and as the temporal distortion rocked the ship he could see it approaching through port holes as the crest of a wave; without being in the Scientific-Operation and Navigations deck he already knew that they were surrounded by ship upon ship within the navigations star chart, he

also knew the last hope, the signal beacon on Mars, the quantum tunnel and signals of life from across
Page 111 of 1 32
Times Shadow

Times Shadow

the universe, all of it must
have been a rouse. He'd
marched the Liberation
directly into a trap.
He allowed his voice to count down based on
the trajectory
and speed of the flaming
ball in space only to realise
that it was debris from one
of the other ships on a
direct collision vector. The marines who both
had
their visors on manual
lockdown as a result of the
fault attributed to
Imperator v.3.02 equally
realised too late and were
blown into space along
with Will on impact, his
hands still bound wouldn't
be so for long as the
restraints only worked
with proximity to the brig
whilst operated within the
ship but due to the
potential destruction of the
Page 112 of 1 32
Times Shadow
entire core of the ship, will attempted to bring
his
mind into focus so as to
allow his augmented body
to regain control of his
suit. There would be time
to grieve once he was clear

Times Shadow

of the debris but not now.
Imperator
The Roman had only one word, his words
previously being his strength.

But as he approached what looked
like a fort made of metal, he was
stunned. He couldn't speak, having
been born mute, and due to his lack of
agility and strength wasn't a soldier.
His eyesight was short and his mental
faculties were a little weaker than
those of the political, merchant and
trader classes. He wasn't a
philosopher and neither was he
religious but rather a street urchin
who begged his way through life
despite being a full citizen of Rome.

Page 113 of 1 32

Times Shadow

As he approached the building, he
noted the glass, the clean nature of the
windows, the fully automated
doors opening and closing but
couldn't work out what was
happening. It was in those few
seconds that the past and the future merged
in the form of a war of faith as two academics
argued at the top of their voices in a foreign
language within the woods. The fact that the
building had electricity was a foregone
conclusion as he hadn't seen
a light as bright in all his life.

Times Shadow

When he ran, back to his masters chambers
in the heart of what would become Romulus
and Remus' dream,
the Latinium of his former glory as a
wordsmith became pictures and
hurried drawings, sparks of light in a cold and
dark dreamless world of philosophy and
Grecian Democracy.

He had for all intents and purposes seen the
light and now, he knew what
he had to do.

Page 114 of 1 32

Times Shadow

A century later a man named Yeshua
was born in a village in 10,000 b.c known as
Londonium, under a bridge

in which, the light, a message of hope
would then become the word of a
deity known as Deus.

The Frozen Soldiers of Germany

2018, October, 1st

It began with three streets of people
all frozen

solid like they were encased in ice,
only they

weren't encased in ice, nor were they
frozen. The only thing about the

people who were frozen on the three
streets is, and this is an important
point of note. They were all the same
person. Like instantaneous snapshots
of a man walking calmly down each
street. It was the oddest thing; he was
blonde, blue eyed and muscular, and

Times Shadow

his uniform bore an insignia that
none of the people of Edinburgh could
believe.

Page 115 of 1 32

Times Shadow

"He just appeared in the middle of the night
and every where we go apart
from when he crosses the road at the
cemetery on Pilrig Street, the traffic lights at
Leith walk and especially when he gets to the
cemetery on

Easter Road along with the flats that bear the
Star of David.." one passer by began in front
of the multiple instances of this unknown
man, the soldier of the past who had broken
the laws of physics.

"This.. man.." the Lord Provost,
Mayor and leader of the City
Chambers in Edinburgh began filled
with revulsion.

"This is a travesty, I demand to speak to
Alexia Helens-St Jude". Before
those words were uttered by the Lord Provost
on national television, culture and society
within the sleepy capital has revolves around the

church,
politics and the politics of peace. But
to define this soldier of the past and
just how he became frozen in time

Page 116 of 1 32

Times Shadow

was a mystery. It was only after a day or two
that graffiti appeared on not one but all of

Times Shadow

them. The words 'Nazi Scum!' Appeared on all of his iterations in time and space. Then he was stripped of the iterations one body at a time until only one remained still frozen in time. Little did they know that the future of the Latter Day Saints would rely on the one man and his insignia. How little

we knew then and now. Had there been forgiveness in the future, the man with the insignia would have looked differently as he happily walked through an empty night time street alone with nothing bar his uniform, a gun and a helmet to protect him.

It turned out these apparitions were not a singular thing. Every capital city in the world, from the known

world of 1925 had three streets, within a radius of approximately half a mile canvassed by these soldiers from the past; some of whom were

Page 117 of 1 32

Times Shadow

treated with reverence and awe but most of whom became a symbol of hate, division and derision.

In Germany, Ida Lammer began what would become the journey of a lifetime. As she donned a singular suit in what appeared to be a repeat of history. She was going to break the barrier between worlds and timelines

Times Shadow

on the eve of the Mars expedition to space. As lead architect and Chief

Scientist, she had been chosen to be the first organic creature, that is the first non inanimate and innately human passenger of the Time Vault to the distant past in a suit designed to withstand a nuclear blast.

As she looked around at all she had to leave behind, she knew that this had to work or else the future would be unwritten. As she waved goodbye to the worlds media, minutes before the arrival of the soldiers world wide, Ida's parting words on camera were simple calm and honest. "Science will prevail as a testament to human

Page 118 of 1 32

Times Shadow

ingenuity, as with peaceful coexistence. Time it appears is now

no longer left in the remit of Kronos, the grandfather of time. See you in a minute." It was then that the MSP Alexia Helens-St Jude began the countdown from the podium for the

sake of the audience on camera. As compere and master of ceremonies this would be the defining achievement of human civilisation.

"3, 2, 1, activate the temporal distortion oscillator" she began as the Reichstag which was barely visible in the distance suddenly changed as the button on the podium was

Times Shadow

depressed. And then, it appeared. The statue of Adolf Hitler, right where the statue of the United Nations headquarters symbol had been. It was then that the world irrevocably and underiably changed forever as Alex Judd began speaking in his usual relaxed German.

"And now to repeat our public experimental technology, showcased

Page 119 of 1 32 Times Shadow

to the world as a testament to the founding fathers."

The dictator

It was a simple and audacious plan to gather resources in a community pool in order to achieve sustainable and universal growth of a global society. What began with a bid to promote free and unequivocally universal rights to transportation through a generic bus pass was a system that became portable. I.e. the infrastructure behind the bus passes could be used to stem and even halt the rise of poverty through free universal education

and free universal rights to education. Then it became Healthcare and beyond that welfare of the individual in order to allow for subsistence of the individual.

Page 120 of 1 32

Times Shadow

Times Shadow

As the old man walked carefully philosophising his thoughts to a transcribing assistant, something became apparent. This something was the beginning and end of all things, life as he knew it. Greener than the greenest green emanating from the tiniest of blades of grass on the hollow and lightest of the earths surfaces was this singular moment in which all the harvests of dawn had become a thought against the loss of the finality of sunlight; that is happiness was akin to the lack of a single grey hair. As he walked towards the fourth building in the distance, it moved silently at first but such was the nature of the election.

As he walked towards the bench beside Chequers, someone of great importance appeared on the phones hologram as though painted on

physical molecules of air. There were no aircraft overhead due to the war and acceptance of the same, Disarmament being a thing of

Page 121 of 1 32

Times Shadow

which previous generations fought and died for, it was a privilege and a right that none in the modern generation had learnt to value. As such the terror that had led to his election stood as a testament.

Times Shadow

"Sir, I am aware that your temporal perception of this is not defined by society but as chief of staff I must implore you that we attack the Martians now or face a full scale revolt and loss of the resources they have. After all, it was only last century that our founding fathers of the New British Empire decidedly would have us attached an addendum to the Statute of Articles 329 through 450". The inclusion of new rights for machines meant peacekeeping amongst a galaxy of humankind with a singular planet standing in the way of their further evolution amounted to nothing more than a common goal. The Prime stood from his seated position amidst a series of hisses and mechanical ticks as his hollow frame Page 122 of 1 32
Times Shadow
motioned towards the crumbled ruins of a building.
"It was here.." The Prime began calmly, clinically and without emotion.
"..That they fought against one another. It was here.." he looked towards the sky as another flying creature crossed his path only to be shot out of the sky by a laser target. "..that they journeyed, designed, built

and destroyed; divided and ruled and now.." what looked like a grimace, as though a disappointment at the lack of anything bar fear and frailty had been the end of The creators. "..It is

Times Shadow

here my friend, that we.." he paused and then as the hologram shone across the skies of the empire it began. "Will become Gods amongst men!" And this the war for the control of Time began.
The Parliament
There was a whole street of them. One after another lined up in such a
Page 123 of 1 32
Times Shadow
manner. They were the homeless, the lame, the sick, the lost, the ill and the weary. Each of them searching for something. The truth is, even the police had hope. And in the end, they believed.
Chapter 13:
Times Shadow: Neurophysiology -
Part I
Ær synaptic bond, common in all forms of life
Aristotle over 2000 years prior to modernity and Sherrington et al brought forward ideas of consciousness, sensations and awareness of subjectivity (or) subjective response to key criteria through their students work such as allegorical thematics. Subjectivism in comparison to behaviourism is clearly the field in these two authors of works defined by experimentation would later define a bracket or field of Page 124 of 1 32

Times Shadow

Times Shadow
research known as Intelligence
Quotient or I.Q., that is, how smart a person is
in comparison to a median
or average group of people.

This of course has more recently been
proven to be measured and defined
through empirical tests and actual
verbal cues as well as spoken and
written articulation of a persons
behaviour and (or) mannerisms,
thoughts, beliefs and culture as
opposed to solely their direct
chemical and electric experiential
behaviours. Inference through
behaviour and spoken word,
awareness and subjective response is
the enlightenment sought by the very
people seeking enlightenment
through enlightened means.

The historical perspectives of
disciplines such as physiology and
psychology began as one discipline in
which all that is known and
understood to be human was basically
interrelated such that, no matter how
difficult the brain as an idea is (or
Page 125 of 1 32

Times Shadow
was) to describe prior to William James and
John Dewey, pragmatic psychological
perspectives on contemporary
neurophysiology would not exist as they do.

Times Shadow

That being said, the first fully constituted and
quantifiable stimulus towards specific nerve
energies formulated in a doctrine was under
the watchful eye of one J.Muller, who wrote
his own handbook of Human Physiology in
1840, 120 years before the psychological
explosion of information and stimulus years of
public and private exploration of mentality
through the development of civil and social
morals within experimental physiology.
As such experimental psychology and this
neuroscience was given a boost in such a
way as to alter the two tiered

major historical traditions that
merged through the foundation of
social and cultural psychology
through and directed by
psychologists and psycholinguists
Page 126 of 1 32

Times Shadow
including (and not exclusively) and
this is not an exhaustive list:-
Wilhelm Wundt; Titchener;
Philosophers John Stuart Mill and
John Locke; John Dewey; Max Weber
of the Weber- Fechner law and
Elements of Psychophysics; Brazier - author
of a history of
neurophysiology, Helmholtz and his
work on sensory function and
hearing; Eccles - won a Nobel Prize in 1963
for medicine with regards to synaptic
transmission along with

Times Shadow

Hodgkin and Huxley jointly for their analysis of the nerve membrane; whilst Morgan of 1943 and Hebb of 1949 helped to develop and observe discoveries in relation to problems of ionic mechanisation of the nerve membrane potential, the chemical nature of synaptic transmission. also among achievements in neurophysiology included are excitation of nerve activity, the role of gamma motor neurone system in control of posture and movement, the

Page 127 of 1 32

Times Shadow
functions of the ascending reticular formation in sleep and alerting the organisation and functions of the limbic system in motivation and emotion.
Electric self- stimulation of the brain led to research into changes in brain electrical activity accompanying alteration in behaviour studies of brain behaviour and chemistry. Over

time, people realised through observation of the sky at night how much they knew and how much they were yet to discover. Nevertheless, a study had commenced in 1967 that would have repercussions for all on the Planet Earth within the field of brain activity and brain behaviour. A brief outline of the field of

Times Shadow

Neurochemistry, physiology, psychology, physiological psychology and even neurophysiology is recognised in order to explain what was taking place in the form of a cultural and scientific revolution.

Page 128 of 1 32

Times Shadow

There are approximately 12 billion nerve cells in the brain. This knowledge was known in 1967. The number of possible interconnections among the cells in a single human brain is greater than the number of atomic particles that constitute the entire universe, or so the powers that be thought in 1967. As its goal physiological psychology, a branch of biological psychology had as its aim, goal and understanding a simple task; highly focused and very much still active, even today. That task was to decipher the infinite amount of variation between not one, or two, or three or four, but rather five billion people; each with their own brains. The complicated nature of neuronal cells, dendrites and mitochondria with cells emitting and cells receiving minute particles; neuronal reception of neutrons protons and immediate electrons, all this with a view to functioning to produce infinite variety in every persons behaviour

Page 129 of 1 32 Times Shadow

and mannerisms. These are the patterns displayed by organisms on Earth, single celled through to

Times Shadow

extremely complicated forms of life
alive at this time.

The total history of physiology and
physiological studies, psychology,
systematic study of biochemical
aspects of brain activity had been in
progress for nearly 40 years in the
60's. Suffice to say, much
more had yet to be learnt; despite the
successes and pitfalls that had
befallen scientists waiting in the
fringes of the forefront of science.

Had there been an organisation that
bridged the gap between new and
emerging trends in physiological
psychology, biology, physics and
chemistry in the form of
neuropsychology, then there might
have been a route to a different future
through salvation of the past; unyet,
for every person who has ever read a
word of someone else's brain activity,
there was an educated principle

Page 130 of 1 32

Times Shadow

either for it or against the same principle in
which people rallied with pitchforks, spades
and lanterns, changing to swords and bows
and

later became guns and grenades. Operational
working definitions of Humanity as Friends
and Allies; Questions -

How elegant are their neurophysiological
pathways?

Times Shadow

How objective or reliable are the extensively
used conditioning of reflexes traditional and
less than traditional means in mainstream
responses with no guiding principles to direct
their paths?

Retrospective chemical analysis

versus measured verbal reports and
cues?

Comparable approach to evolving the
Genome: Physical and Psychological
stem cell research at the atomic,
molecular bond theory through to

covalency

and existence of the same in

the public sphere, chromosomal heredity and
the chemical theory of Page 131 of 1 32

Times Shadow

synaptic transmission all of which should be a
boundary across organisms and species for
the sole role of retaliation towards
psychological information with regards to
behaviour; the following laws are as of now
active laws of the Ær- Human synaptic bond,
common

to all forms of life on Earth.

Page 132 of 1 32

The Periodic Table

Properties of the elements for a pressure of 1
atmosphere

2 Metalloids

Element

Symbol Atomic Number Molar Mass g/mol

Density g/cm³ at 20 deg celsius

melting point celsius

Times Shadow

180.55 1412 937.25

817 (28 atm)

(302)

boiling point celsius

1300 2680 2830

613 1380 990

Specific Heat J/g . C at 25C

3.58 0.712 0.322 0.331 0.205 0.201

Lithium

Silicon Si Germanium Ge Arsenic As

Antimony Sb Tellurium Te Polonium Po

Astatine At

630.5 449.5 254

Li3 6.939 14 28.086 32 72.59 33 74.9216 51

121.75 52 127.6

84 *(210)* 85 *(210)*

0.534 2.33 5.323 5.78 6.691 6.24 9.32

Proof